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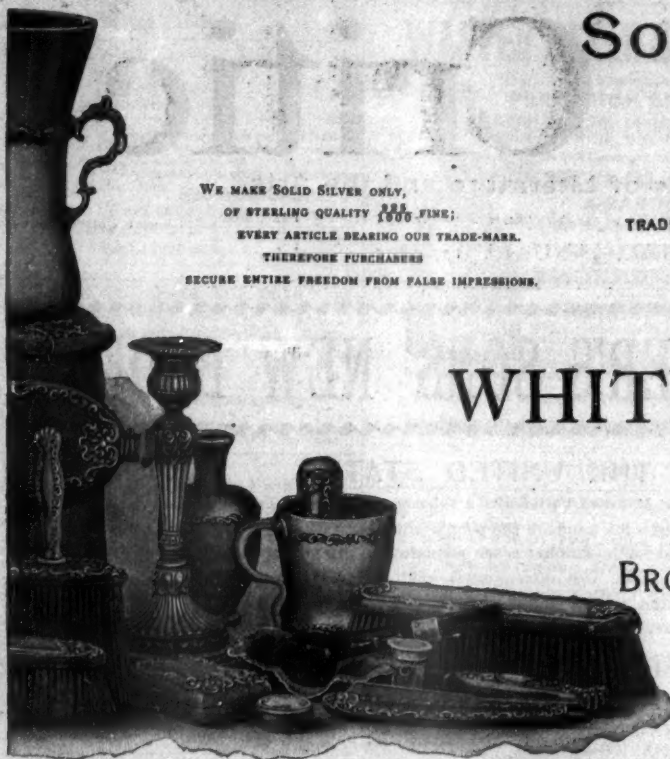
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The Critic

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Christina Georgina Rossetti*

TWO OR THREE imaginative poems of uncommon power, a few exquisite lyrics, and many devotional pieces better than the average of their kind, do not give Christina Rossetti a claim to be considered an independent force in literature. Nor does that large proportion of her work which reflects other writers illustrate their influence (as a rule) in any important degree. But, as between her and her brother, the case is different; him she answers as flame to flame, and in making a careful estimate of his work it will always be well to give some consideration to hers.

Both are, of course, included in the great Romantic movement of the middle third of the century—a movement which is not yet ended, and which should not be treated, as it sometimes is, as a mere running away from the actual. It started, it is true, as a reaction; but it led almost at once to study of the springs of national life and of Christian civilization as a preparation for a renewed progressive movement. The study of origins has not ceased; it has only widened, and some hint of the new forward movement may be seen in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Jenny" and in a few of his sister's poems.

So far, however, as the general current has been affected by the two Rossettis, it has not been wholly for good. Their characters, as artists, are singularly alike. Both think in sensuous, concrete images, but do not often subject them to any principle of harmony. Both are strongly attracted by moral ideas, which, with rare exceptions, are used by the brother as poetic material, but which finally become dominant in the sister, though to the weakening of her art. Sensuousness is the key-note in the poetry of both; but if all the passages in which it is most evident were brought together and everything else omitted, the result would be a thoroughly wholesome work. The "Rossetti virus" is a peculiar mingling of sense and soul in a sort of mystical aestheticism. Pleasure is represented as always dangerous; aspiration as timid and impotent. Swinburne's line in which "the roses and raptures" are assigned to vice and "the lilies and languors" to virtue, sums up the whole situation. Proserpine would fain return to the light; the Blessed Damozel leans over heaven's bar and regrets the lower life of earth. Whenever an example of great spiritual achievement is brought before us, we are led to count the cost of the climb, or to calculate the amount of energy available for a delightful rush down hill.

This peculiar tendency to look in everything for a strain of its opposite leads naturally to dissonance and discord. Strangeness is sought for at the expense of harmony. There is a heaping-up of far-fetched images, metrical curiosities, worn-out symbols, archaic expressions, the more opposed to one another, the more welcome. We have murderous students of divinity, sermons from the slums, crocodiles with rings of gold, and "blue-black beetles" that "transact business" which, perhaps, were better described than left to be imagined. Occasionally, the mass is fused into something new and strange and beautiful; but as often it turns out mere slag and dross.

The best—or, at any rate, the most enjoyable—of Miss Rossetti's poems are those in which a simple, natural sentiment is decked out somewhat profusely with images derived from art and nature, and, as in "A Birthday," carries its barbaric adornments like the Bride in the Canticles:—

"My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

"Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it with doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me."

This is more than merely pretty and quaint. The feeling suffuses and unifies the crowd of images like summer sunshine. But where the attempt is to set forth the more abstract beauty (that of a virtuous resolve, for instance) as opposed and superior to the concrete, it commonly fails. The most conspicuous instance is "The Goblin Market." The moral is all right, though rather of the nursery order—greedy indulgence influences the appetites, but destroys the faculties that minister to them. But it is presented with much less force than the temptation. The luscious fruits, "not to be bought in any town," are enough to make one's mouth water, and the creatures that offer them for sale are as amusing as mediæval carvings of the seven deadly sins. The result is bad art; it is aiming at one thing and doing another. It is but fair to say that a leading idea of "The Goblin Market" is repeated with much better effect in "Wife to Husband," but this is imitated from Euripides and is a much simpler motive than that of the other poems. It may lead us to a consideration of that large class of her poems in which a sort of quietistic belief in a hereafter free from the pains and pleasures of the senses, but in which the affections may continue to exist, is expressed. The following verses have been often quoted, but are worth quoting again:—

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

"I shall not see the shadows;
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget."

Even in welcoming the idea of the cessation of sensuous life, all her imagery (and there is little else in the poem) is sensuous.

On the whole, it is perhaps better not to try to run up hill and down at the same time. We cannot doubt that Miss Rossetti would have written many more good poems, if, like Herrick, she could have kept her Hesperides of the senses apart from her Noble Numbers. It is ridiculous to drop tears of repentance in the posset-cup, and to take along the flesh-pots when marching out of Egypt.

* See portrait of Miss Rossetti on page 34.

The Philadelphia Philological Congress

THE SIX LANGUAGE SOCIETIES in this country, together with the Archaeological Institute of America, held, during the last week of 1894, in Philadelphia, their first joint meeting on the invitation of the University of Philadelphia—a step likely to have important results in the future. For some reason, the biggest societies in this country do not attract the best men. In medicine, the American Medical Association has been abandoned by the abler specialists and practitioners for the special societies, like the Neurological and the Ophthalmological, and these small select societies meet together every other year by common consent, although they have no common organization. If able physicians appear at the big national association, they are there in the interests of some medical school. The American Association for the Advancement of Science has ceased in any one of its sections to command the best work done in the subject the section covers. Neither its membership nor its meetings compare with the British Association, although the yearly scientific harvest in this country matches that of England in any field and exceeds it in most. The scientific men do their best work and read their most important papers in the American Geological Society and the various societies of biologists, chemists, specialists in natural history, and so on. These scientific societies have never met together, although the great success of the meeting just held at Philadelphia may lead to such a step.

In the study of language, the same fission exists. Outside of the aboriginal American tongues, the philological work at the American Association for the Advancement of Science is trivial or cranky. Reputations are made, discoveries announced and researches summarized in the six societies devoted to philological study, of which only four are in the usual sense of the word scientific associations. Even these scarcely fill the place taken abroad by academies and societies, often under government patronage. Our universities publish on a large and liberal scale, particularly Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Columbia and Yale are indeniably deficient in publication, as is Princeton; but, judging from President Harper's policy and practice, the University of Chicago will shortly enter the field with series which will match the historical, mathematical and Semitic series issued at Johns Hopkins, and the Asiatic, archaeological, astronomical and biological series which have appeared, if not directly from Harvard, yet in close connection with it.

University and local society publications, with the lavish issues of the Government Printing Office, draw to these fields the more extensive monographs, although the American Oriental Society finds a place for such in its "Transactions." But for the most part these societies constitute the field in which are presented from time to time the papers that summarize special inquiry or investigation, clear up some disputed point, or carry to a farther stage some current discussion. Each of these societies has developed a field of its own. The American Oriental Society, organized in 1842, under the impulse of the attention paid to Sanskrit by Salisbury and Whitney at Yale, while it was discursive enough in its early years, has settled down to a society in which the Semitic tongues and Sanskrit now take a leading place, with an occasional incursion on one side into Chinese and Japanese, and on the other into old Egyptian, Berber and Bantu. The American Philological Association was first formed in 1869, when men of the new German school in Greek and Latin began in our colleges to supplant our earlier type of scholarship, partly local and partly drawn from English models, and it is practically confined to the classic tongues and literature with an occasional rare departure into Sanskrit and general phonetics. As everyone knows, the study of German, French, Spanish and Italian has made its chief progress in our colleges in the past twenty years, and it was not until 1883 that the Modern Language

Association brought together the teachers and specialists in these tongues, and, as might be expected, its papers are considerably devoted to linguistic pedagogics, although of late years much original work is done. About fourteen years ago, the professors in our theological seminaries, with some Hebrew rabbis (and, recently, a number of Semitic and Hellenistic students), organized the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, a body of highly select and advanced scholars of the text of the Old and New Testaments. The vigorous work of Prof. E. H. Babbitt of Columbia led, six years ago, to the creation of the American Dialect Society, whose work thus far has been devoted to the systematic collection of Anglo-American words, phrases and locutions. Lastly, the wave of orthographic reform for twenty-odd years left the American Spelling Reform Association to lead a more or less lingering life for the cause of simplified spelling. The Archaeological Institute of America touches Asiatic, African and classic philological research at so many points, that it was natural it should hold its first meeting for the hearing of papers with the philological societies. Unlike the rest, it is composed of local societies in our larger cities, in which "society" is somewhat lavishly represented, and a small council manages its central affairs, of which the most important is the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, although it has carried on valuable researches through Mr. Bandelier in the Southwest, Mr. Sterrett and others in Asia Minor, and Mr. Waldstein in Greece proper.

These societies have in all 2277 members, or, excluding those belonging to more than one society, 1963 members, but this membership is most diverse. The Archaeological Institute has 705 members, few of whom have an academic connection, while for most interest begins and ends with paying \$10 a year. The Spelling Reform Association has 134 enthusiasts, and the American Dialect study enlists lay enthusiasm by a \$1 fee. The Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis is strictly professional in its membership, and has a roll of 194 names. Both the Modern Language Association (396 members) and the American Philological Association (394 members) practically are confined to teachers in colleges and secondary schools, and no others appeared at their meetings. In the American Oriental Society, two working journalists, Dr. William Hayes Ward and Talcott Williams, are officers and working members, while outside of the colleges, the society has among its 270 members a large number of men whom residence abroad or private study has interested in Oriental tongues, and papers from such are frequent.

The various language societies meet yearly at some college, attract to their meetings about ten per cent. of their membership, read their papers and adjourn with the smallest possible public attention. In this, as in so much else of American life, the scholar manages to be invisible. He is not seen. He makes no impression. Partly because under a democracy culture tends to withdraw from the hurly-burly, partly because we have no centre from which everyone can see and be seen, and partly because our eastern institutions of learning have no State relations, there is more than one American scholar better known abroad than in his own country, and such a man, when he produces a new work, reads foreign periodicals to gain the judgment for which he cares. If the highly successful joint-meeting held at Philadelphia is followed by like gatherings, at intervals of two, three or even five years by the united assembly of these societies, it is certain to do something to correct this evil and make American scholars and their work known to the general public. This has certainly been the result of the first meeting, so far as Philadelphia is concerned. The joint meeting has attracted universal attention, the papers gave it a space no previous scientific gathering has had in their columns, the *Press* on one day giving an unbroken page to the proceedings; and the University, the public about it and the wider public of the city have had a new and vivid appreciation of

the importance of the study of language, the number and prominence of the men engaged in it and the broad range of the science. The aggregate attendance drawn by the societies when they meet separately is about 150 to 175. This meeting attracted about 350 members, and 324 were registered. The societies separately draw a few men in each field from the bigger colleges, and here and there one from the smaller. At this meeting, it is true, all the larger eastern University cities were represented by their best men. In Greek, W. W. Goodwin, Basil Gildersleeve, John William White, John Henry Wright, Herbert Weir Smythe and W. A. Lamberton; in Latin, W. G. Hale, Albert Harkness, Alfred Gudeman and Minton Warren; in Sanskrit, C. R. Lanman, E. W. Hopkins, Maurice Bloomfield, Edward D. Perry and Hans Oertel; in Babylonian texts, H. V. Hilprecht and Paul Haupt, H. O. Hyvernat and George A. Barton; in other Semitic tongues, Dr. B. MacDonald and Morris Jastrow and Richard Gottheil; in American and Asiatic archaeology, John P. Peters, D. G. Brinton and Sara Yorke Stevenson; in paleography, Isaac H. Hall and Rendell Harris, the latter in this country on a visit; T. W. Chambers, C. A. Briggs, J. Henry Thayer and G. F. Moore, in Biblical literature; F. A. March, E. H. Magill, Thos. R. Lounsbury and A. M. Elliott in modern tongues, constitute an array of names whose importance will be best appreciated by those best fitted to judge.

As to institutions, every college of any importance east of the Alleghenies was represented, North and South, most of them east of the Mississippi, and men were present from Minnesota (whose University sent three delegates), Nebraska, Texas and California. In fact, whether the high repute of single men, the size of the attendance, or the extent of territory from which it was drawn be considered, the gathering was unexampled. Neither a larger nor an abler gathering of philologists has ever been drawn together in this country. It served the treble purpose of making the entire guild of language students feel their importance, of giving men isolated in our smaller colleges the precious opportunity of personal contact with the leaders of philology, and of bringing home to all the consciousness that the largest and most powerful university includes and can include but a small share of the aggregate ability employed in this great field.

The joint meeting began in the University Library at noon, Thursday, Dec. 27, in a well-phrased welcome from the new Provost of the University, Mr. C. C. Harrison, and a graceful address from Dr. H. H. Furness, whose amazing erudition as a Shakespearian cloaks the fact that, as a speaker on any occasion of ceremony, he ranks among the best three or four in the country. A luncheon was provided by the University for its guests each day at noon, a reception was held Thursday evening in the Library by the Provost and Mrs. C. C. Harrison, and it was one of the more fortunate results of the arrangements of the local committee, of which Mr. Talcott Williams was Chairman and Prof. Morris Jastrow was Secretary, and Prof. Lamberton the efficient executive for the University, that the delegates found themselves brought together and kept together throughout the stay. I doubt if there ever was so large a gathering in which so many men found it so easy to see all of their friends in attendance.

Sessions were held Thursday afternoon, Friday morning, afternoon and evening, Saturday morning, and by one society, the Modern Language Association, on Saturday afternoon. On Friday morning, the Societies met together and listened to nine picked papers, of which Prof. W. W. Goodwin's, contrasting the method of testing the constitutionality of a law in Athens and the United States, was easily the first. Dr. H. V. Hilprecht and Dr. John P. Peters described the surprising and remarkable results of the work of the University of Pennsylvania at Niffer, results which already both in "finds" and archaeological discoveries considerably exceed any American expedition anywhere and are equalled in Baby-

lonia by only one European exploration—in the past. The Archaeological Institute's recent work in Crete was reported in a paper by Prof. Frederico Halberd of Rome. The remaining papers, by Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, Columbia, the most promising man of his years at the Congress; Prof. Hermann Collitz, Bryn Mawr; Prof. L. A. Sherman, Nebraska, Prof. E. S. Sheldon, Harvard, and Prof. Maurice Bloomfield, Johns-Hopkins, were somewhat technical, although Prof. Minton Warren's essay on Latin inscriptions was bright and entertaining, though sketchy.

Friday evening was given to a memorial meeting in honor of William Dwight Whitney, the first and greatest of American philologists. Such meetings are unusual here, though frequent abroad, and this proved in all respects impressive, in its attendance, the deep feeling displayed and the manifest sincerity of the tribute. By a general consent, the address of the evening was assigned to Prof. C. R. Lanman, now of Harvard, though a graduate of Yale. Mr. Lanman enjoyed intimate personal relations with Prof. Whitney through many years, first as a favored pupil and later as a friend and coadjutor in those manifold services which the young and zealous scholar can render the master whose laurels are won. In an address of singular elevation and discrimination, delivered with deep feeling restrained by taste and judgment, Mr. Lanman sketched Prof. Whitney's career and the cardinal characteristics of his simple, severe and symmetrical character. The address, with the others delivered on this occasion, will be published by the joint societies. Prof. Francis A. March of Lafayette dealt in his happiest vein with Prof. Whitney's work in lexicography, Prof. Bernadotte Perrin of Yale with his influence in classical philology, Prof. J. Irving Manatt of Brown with his publications in German, Dr. William Hayes Ward with his general influence, and President Gilman closed in a most admirable brief eulogy.

The real work in this remarkable gathering was, however, presented in the 117 papers on various subjects by 198 different authors, covering the broad field of philology and archaeology. Just as each society had a larger attendance than when it met separately, so each had a larger and more important array of papers. With an unusually able attendance, discussion was sharp and vigorous, and the rooms of each society were full to overflowing. It was true, as it always will be true, that a certain share of the papers was inconsequent, a very few were trivial, some were the work of beginners; but, taken as a whole and reviewed in a body, they made an imposing array of scholarship and research. It was pleasant to hear of active work in the field by Americans in progress in Greece, Crete, Egypt, Palestine and Babylonia. How many realize that some \$20,000 will be spent this year under American direction in these widely separated regions? Greek led with nearly twenty papers, and Sanskrit was next with twelve. Latin papers numbered ten and there were four or five each in Hebrew, Arabic and other Semitic fields. The modern language work was widely distributed, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Slavonic and English being represented and literature being discussed nearly as much as philology. There was a marked absence of mere "fad" papers, and all the work was serious, while the language crank was fortunately absent. The archaeological papers were all classic or Egyptian, except two or three, and one, by Dr. D. G. Brinton, was on an American subject, "Dialects and Deities of the Tzentz-Zotzils."

The program of this joint meeting covers 32 pages, and was edited by the secretaries of the societies. It contained, besides the long list of papers, the name, home address and Philadelphia address of 324 members attending—a convenience whose preparation necessarily entailed much labor; but this, like all the other efforts required, was energetically carried out by the local committee, which reaped an abundant reward in the gracious and universal praise of those in attendance. As on all previous occasions, the University of Penn-

sylvania proved itself the most hospitable of hosts. On all its visitors, this institution, which has made a most rapid advance in the past five years, made a deep impression. The new Museum of the University was new to most of those attending the Congress. It contains, in the Maxwell Somerville collection, the largest glyptic collection in the country, in its Babylonian department the largest number of tablets outside of the British Museum and the Louvre, the largest collection of games in the country, the best-labelled and one of the largest Egyptian collections, just enriched from Coptos, and a notable American collection. Five years old, except in Chicago, no museum so young has made more rapid progress.

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Prof. Huxley's Essays

Collected Essays. By Thomas H. Huxley. Vols. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 8. D. Appleton & Co.

THESE VOLUMES contain the fruit of forty years of a life of unceasing activity in controversy, criticism and instruction. The first, "Methods and Results," opens with a clever bit of autobiography, at the close of which the writer avows what has been the purpose of his life—the key, it may be said, of his various writings. His intention, he declares, has been "to promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off." Surely, if intellectual veracity alone can console and hearten any soul, we do not care to question the matter. Others have found love or friendship, and still others faith in God and in an endless life the sufficient "alleviation." To them Mr. Huxley's condolences are "a vacant chaff well meant for grain." Reading again, after the storm of protest has died down, the "Psychical Basis of Life," we fail to see why it excited such a tempest at its first appearance. Even if Prof. Huxley is not always quite logical in this paper, he distinctly repudiates the position of a materialist. The other essays are chiefly political and social, and contain matter worthy the study of the sociologists of the present day. The second volume, "Darwiniana," is given to the consideration of Charles Darwin's life and works. Dissent from the master finds no place here. Indeed, all sound criticism of Darwin's theories must come, as it has, from investigators in the region of biology. Prof. Huxley is a physiologist. Still, one might reasonably expect to find in some foot-notes by the author reference to Wallace and Mivart, or to Weismann's "Germ Plasm" and other recent works bearing on the theory of evolution.

The third volume, "Science and Education," contains, among other matters more especially of interest to Americans, Prof. Huxley's address at the opening of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. There are other essays and addresses upon the subject of culture and science at large, the point of this volume being that a liberal education is chiefly in the realm of natural science, and that a liberal education of this sort, wholly divested of theological belief, will subserve the moral progress and the general happiness of the human race. We are not prepared to deny this position; at the same time, one will consider well, before listening to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The fourth volume deals mainly with the criticism of the Biblical account of the Creation and the Deluge. There is nothing in it, except a certain provoking aggressiveness of language, to distress any but the most rigid literalist: the writer accepts the latest pronouncements of historical criticism. The final essay, upon the "Evolution of Theology," is admirable in

method and results. Is it, however, just possible that Prof. Huxley's dogmatism about the extent of a great deluge may be based upon knowledge that is not final. It is well to remember that both historical criticism and natural science, even palaeontology, have not yet reached the end of their development. Volume five is entitled "Science and Christian Tradition," and it fitly follows "Science and Hebrew Tradition." Its attitude towards Christianity is essentially that of Hume, and may be best stated in the author's own words in a private letter of his that has been published:—"It would be a great error to suppose that the agnostic rejects theology because of its puzzles and wonders. He rejects it simply because, in his judgment, there would be no evidence sufficient to warrant the theological propositions, even if they related to the commonest and most obvious every-day propositions." The famous essay on the Gaderene Swine, which has been somewhat irreverently called "the quarrel about pigs" between the author and Mr. Gladstone, occurs in this volume. Its phraseology is not an example of Prof. Huxley's most felicitous style. For the rest, there is a sweet reasonableness in the papers on "Pseudo-Scientific Realism" and "Science and Pseudo-Science." The next volume deals with "Hume," his life and works, together with two papers on "Helps to the Study of Berkeley." The treatment of these two philosophies is superficial. Hume he hails as the first agnostic of modern times, and points out how he is the link between Locke and Kant. The negative usefulness of Hume's philosophy is not overstated: he taught us to acknowledge the limitations of our knowledge.

The seventh volume is made up of essays on Anthropology, and is named "Man's Place in Nature." Those who are hurt at a hint of our simian ancestry, will not find this volume reassuring. Yet it is one of the best of the series and illustrates the author's best style. He is extreme in his position, but his style is never dull, and the reader will pardon him, even if afterwards he does not embrace the genial heretic. The problems of the deep sea and "A Piece of Chalk" are examples of Prof. Huxley's popular way. The last volume, "Evolution and Ethics," disappoints us. The great problems of ethics are not to be solved in this way, and the author sadly recognizes it. He hears the still, sad music of humanity and nobly says that we can set our hearts on diminishing the evil about us; but the outcome is dubious. This being the case, it does not seem quite consistent for Prof. Huxley to gird at the Salvation Army. Its methods are not always consonant with refined taste, but they are scientific at the bottom. They face facts, not theories, more than do the churches. He is quite right, however, in saying that General Booth has underrated the work of rescue done for years past by the established Church and others, and there is something disquieting to the student of history in the similarity of the Army to the Society of Jesus. The gospel, according to the author, seems to forebode evil. He is always preaching, not salvation, but the warning that sin brings its own punishment. If this can make him tranquil in life, it is only because he must put up with it as the best that can be said. Of this we must leave the reader to judge, but let him not mistake skilful controversial tactics for solid thought or moral seriousness. In all these papers Prof. Huxley's confessed "untiring opposition to that ecclesiasticism and that clericalism," which he regards as the "deadly enemy of science," furnishes a temper and a bias that are not strictly scientific. If he approaches scientific investigation in this temper, men will distrust his conclusions. When he discusses theology, he often makes a man of straw and then gleefully pulls him to pieces. At all times one enjoys his skill in fencing, his unconscious self-contradictions, and his delightful dogmatism about matters about which he is imperfectly informed. His use, in our day, has been to stir up men in the Church and out of it, and to cause them to think and to examine their standing ground. In this he follows his master Hume, and so far does a worthy work.

Miss Ferrier's Novels

Miss Ferrier's Novels, edited by Reginald Brimley Johnson: *Marriage*, 2 vols. *The Inheritance*, 2 vols. *Destiny*, 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

IT IS PLEASANT to see, amid the deluge of contemporary fiction, that the world does not willingly let die the sterling novels of earlier days. Among these the three stories of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, written in the first quarter of the present century, now have the honor of a sixth revival in comparatively recent years. They were republished in Bentley's well known series in 1841, again in 1831, and in a library edition in 1881-82; and two American editions have appeared, one about forty years ago, the other within the past two years. In their own day their success was brilliant. In 1818 Blackwood paid the author 150*l.* for "*Marriage*," which was so popular that he was willing to give 1,000*l.* for "*The Inheritance*" in 1824. Scott, who was an intimate friend and sincere admirer of Miss Ferrier's, undertook the financing of "*Destiny*," which was dedicated to him, and secured 1,700*l.* from Codell for it in 1831. We need not remind our readers that such prices were exceptional sixty or seventy years ago. "*Marriage*," moreover, was translated into French, and "*The Inheritance*" was dramatised and brought out at Covent Garden. The novels were favorites with Tennyson, who, in a note to his editions of 1842 and 1843 (omitted, like similar notes, in subsequent issues), states that the ballad of "*Lady Clare*" was "partly suggested" by "*The Inheritance*," the heroine of which is a Miss St. Clair. Miss Ferrier was a frequent guest at Abbotsford. Scott, in his "*Journal*" (May 12, 1831), writes:—"Miss Ferrier comes out to us. This gifted personage, besides having great talents, has conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom I have seen among the long list I have encountered—simple, full of humor, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking."

"*Marriage*" was written in 1810, when the author was twenty-eight, but was not published till 1818. It appeared anonymously, as its successors also did; Miss Ferrier did not allow her name to appear on the title-pages until the reprint of 1831 was brought out by Bentley. She was often urged to write more books, and made two attempts to do it, but she could not satisfy herself. Mr. Johnson commends her for this:—"Her simple and unhesitating decision certainly indicates a strength of mind and a restraint as admirable as it is rare, and shows that she had some knowledge of her own powers and limitations. In fact, she depended so largely upon deliberate portraiture that, in a life of limited experience, her stock of models must soon have become exhausted."

Scott compliments "the author of the very lively work entitled '*Marriage*,'" in the conclusion of the "*Tales of My Landlord*"; and he is said to have been evidently flattered when the anonymous novel was quite generally attributed to him. The books were also commended by Christopher North in the "*Noctes*," passages in them being cited as "beautiful" and "pathetic." "These novels," he says again, "have one feature of true and melancholy interest quite peculiar to themselves. It is in them alone that the ultimate breaking-down and debasement of the Highland character has been depicted. Sir Walter Scott had fixed the enamel of genius over the last fitful flames of their half-savage chivalry; but a humbler and sadder scene—the age of lucre-banished clans—of chieftains dwindled into imitation squires, * * * the euthanasia of kilted aldermen and steamboat pibrochs—was reserved for Miss Ferrier."

The text of 1841 was revised by the author, and is followed in this new reprint. Besides a biographical sketch by the editor, a selection from Miss Ferrier's letters is prefixed to the first volume of "*Marriage*." A portrait of the lady, from a miniature painted in 1836, is among the photogravure illustrations. The edition is in all respects tasteful, and the set of six volumes will undoubtedly be welcome to all lovers of good, old-fashioned fiction.

"A Bachelor Maid"

By Mrs. Burton Harrison. With Illustrations by Irving R. Wiles. The Century Co.

MRS. HARRISON has rendered a service to her generation in writing this book, which is an efficient antidote against the recent outbreak of the New Woman. Its key-note is womanliness—the charming "*Ewig Weibliche*" that will remain woman's glory as long as helpless babes are born and there is suffering on this earth. For into her love for man, even, woman brings the element of maternal tenderness, the desire to tend and to protect. Notwithstanding the limitations of a periodical publication, which bound the author to a smaller number of words than probably she, and certainly we, could have wished for its telling, the story contains many types that are modern in the widest sense of the word—from Mr. Justice Irving—why this English form of the title?—with his vanity, his *bonhomie* in clubs and society, and his disagreeable tyranny at home, to Mrs. Romaine; from Marion, full of enthusiasm and with a plentiful lack of experience, to Sara Stauffer, the apostle of Woman's Rights whose pretences are false, and who seeks, by fair means or foul, what she denounces—matrimony. Mrs. Harrison knows New York society thoroughly, and we think she is as great an adept at composite photography as she is at writing interesting fiction; in fact, we rejoice at this, for it shows us that the men and women of our upper classes are clean and clever, and not the tainted, vicious beings certain self-styled "society novelists" have made them out to be.

The text of the story is found in Tennyson's line, "*The Woman's Cause Is Man's*," and so it proves to be, indeed, in this little nook of the great world of romance, as, undoubtedly, it will prove to be, some day, on the greater stage of life. Through the agitation that is now going on, Mrs. Harrison teaches, through the turmoil and the strife, the love of man for woman, and of woman for man—the healthy, ennobling love that fosters all the virtues—will endure and triumph in the end. It will teach the lesson it has taught since the world began, that men and women need each other to make life whole, and that the characteristics of each complement and perfect those of the other; that woman should not try to become like unto man, but that she should develop the glory of her womanhood on lines of her own,

"Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

We have enjoyed reading this story: it is national in the best sense of the word—buoyant, hopeful, manly as well as womanly, and clean—a faithful reflection of American life to-day. It is national, also, in its illustrations, Mr. Wiles's portraits of Judge Irving, Alexander Gordon and, last but certainly not least, Marion, being types such as we meet with every day and look at with pride and pleasure.

"Catherine de' Medici"

By H. de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Roberts Bros.

ONE OF THE MOST dramatic episodes in the ever-dramatic history of France is the period which embraces the career of Catherine de' Medici, wife of Henry II., cousin and mother-in-law of Mary Stuart, and mother of the three kings, Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. Henry of Navarre and Philip II. both were her sons-in-law; Calvin was her contemporary; St. Bartholomew's night signaled her reign. She was of that subtle Italian race of Medici, whose descent from physicians was perpetually cropping out in their love of astrology and occult science, of literature and art; for Italian *medici* were particularly celebrated for all this, and for an astute intelligence, which spread their fame all over Europe as surgeons, patrons of *belles lettres* and astronomers. Catherine accidentally became Queen on the death, by poison, of the Dauphin whom her husband succeeded, and the early part of her career was filled with picturesque rival-

ries with Diane de Poitiers and other court ladies who live on only in the "Mémoires" of Brantôme. She successfully established the throne of the Valois against the Bourbons, and fills an enormous space in French history by her commanding genius, her associations and policies, her intrigues and inhumanities, and her absolute love of power. One cannot tell with whom to compare her, an Agrippina or a Semiramis, an Elizabeth or a Cleopatra.

Balzac takes her and enshrines her as the central figure of one of his "philosophical studies" among the cartoons of his great Comedy of Human Life. In this framework she looms forth alternately as the Scarlet Woman and the savior of France, as a sorceress and a saint. She was the mother of ten children, five of whom wore crowns, and many of whom she saw die with indifference. Only a girl of fifteen when she came as a bride to France, her career recalls in many ways that of Marie Antoinette, who, however, was a "patient Griselle" in comparison with Catherine. In Balzac's brilliant study she is the enigmatic "Mona Lisa," whose inward irony shines forth on subtle, sarcastic lips and in lustrous, sideward-glancing eyes; an unintelligible woman, who combined serpent guile with dove-like wisdom, and who overshadowed her three kingly sons with the pure force of her virile and implacable nature. Florence never produced a more singular piece of mosaic than this woman. Balzac insists that her entire horoscope was calculated with absolute accuracy by the astrologer Ruggiero, in whom she put absolute faith, just as Nostradamus and Cagliostro won mysterious influence over other crowned heads in earlier and later times. No more harrowing or haunting picture has ever been painted of distracted and dishevelled times than the eloquent romancer, imitating the "Quentin Durward" of Scott, has painted in this book. Medea wedded to a luckless and loveless Jason is the mythic prototype of this historic Catherine with her Henry; a Medea who suddenly becomes transformed into a Rachel or a Niobe bereft of her children. The slender love-story on which all this is hung is too frail to support the weight of the tragic events through which it meanders; but the reader cares nothing for this, so powerfully absorbing are the real events of the reign.

"The Fairest of the Fair"

By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Philadelphia: Henry Altman.

SO PRETTY A TITLE might be expected to indicate a volume of stories, but in this case it is applied to a series of sketches descriptive of the Columbian Exposition, which is ever new and delightful. The book naturally derives its chief interest from its subject, from the swift-footed memories it calls back to us for a moment, and the darkening shadows it once more illuminates. But it is interesting, too, in showing what parts of the Fair were absorbed by a fresh, vigorous and cultivated young mind. The book is formless and disjointed and scattered, it is even crude in parts; but it shows the literary instinct, that fatal, tempting facility. There are many straightforward, simple descriptions in these chapters, and in the more ambitious of them, which try to suggest the indescribable, there is some graceful writing. The comment upon the Art Building has special dignity. "This palace," the writer says, "is somehow like Silence turned to marble. The grandly simple outlines, the grey shadows on white walls and pillars, the curve of the arches and the low domes, the harmonious decorations, and the dignity and sweetness of it all, seem the incarnation of an unuttered poem. An ideal, not of the silence of nothingness, but of that Silence, surpassing and embracing all beautiful sounds, which crowns the summits of mighty mountains, and dwells in the depths of the sky and the ocean."

From the buildings of the Dream City, which bewitch her like music, Miss Hawthorne passes to the exhibits, the State houses, the pictures, the Midway, and then back again to the main buildings, this time illuminated and ethereal. Fortunately she has no conscience in choosing her material; she de-

scribes whatever attracts her and leaves out the rest, important as it may be. One wonders, inevitably, at her selection, especially in the case of the pictures, half a dozen of which she mentions at random, without regard even to her own preferences. She omits, rather ungraciously, the names of some of the artists whose work she describes, and she is curiously inexact now and then. Her publisher, however, is probably responsible for labeling a picture of the Manufacturers' Building the "Palace of Mechanic Art." But he has few opportunities for such mistakes, as the illustrations are neither numerous nor good. Miss Hawthorne makes her readers spend much time on the Midway, and with profit, too. She seems to lose her imagination, however, in leaving the Court of Honor, and her descriptions are hopelessly matter-of-fact. Strangely enough, the contortions of the Nautch girls, so called, are graceful in her sight, but the poetic dance of the Javanese loses all its beauty.

It is not in this way, however, that the spirit of the Fair can be invoked and made incarnate for us. The description, accurate as it may be, can show us the place; no photograph can suggest its changing colors, the effects of light and shifting shadows peculiar to it. The picture must be presented to the eye more indirectly, more subtly, or it will not be found adequately artistic; the poem must have delicacy and vigor, warmth and variety and color, and, above all, an insight which is born of the imagination alone. Perhaps the vanished city can best be described by an appeal to the emotions it aroused, for the essence of the Fair is not a thing to be dissected and analyzed and then reconstructed. It is only to be understood and conveyed by the artist who lives in its atmosphere and the poet who dreams over its mysteries.

A Trip Awheel

Across Asia on a Bicycle. By Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., and William Lewis Sachtleben. Illustrated. The Century Co.

THE PUBLISHERS have done well to reprint in handsome book-form the interesting papers written for *The Century* by two American students, who made a journey from Constantinople to Peking, chiefly on bicycles. On the day after they were graduated at Washington University, the two young men left St. Louis for New York, whence they crossed over to Europe, rode through England and France and into Italy, spending the winter at Athens. In the following April they began the long journey. Passing through Japan and over the Pacific, they wheeled their narrow way through Arizona, New Mexico and Texas to New York. Strange to say, they never employed the services of guides or interpreters. Besides learning a little of several languages, they took 2500 photographs. Their story is told with creditable modesty, and in a direct, straightforward style. The book, printed on the best of paper and well illustrated, is decidedly interesting, yet, though there were many lively episodes, none of the travellers' adventures were very exciting. Evidently the young men had abundant tact as well as a surplus of energy, and their path was smoothed by the passports and letters of recommendation and introduction with which they were plentifully provided. Missionaries were always their good friends. They climbed to the top of Mt. Ararat, and, of course, had the regulation interview with Li Hung Chang; but more wonderful than anything else in the book is the fact, that, though actually seeing the countries they traversed, they do not pretend to be linguists, philosophers, consulting Orientalists, or even infallible authorities on the origin and probable outcome of the present far-Eastern war. Incidentally the book is a wonderful revelation of the new force, which, apart from syndicates, dynasties, or corporations, has come into modern life, and which is within the reach of ordinary individuals without capital or influential connections—*viz.*, the bicycle.

THE RIGHT to dramatize "Trilby" has been secured by Mr. A. M. Palmer, and the work of dramatization will be done by Paul M. Potter. Miss Virginia Harned is to play Trilby.

Fiction

"THE PRICE OF PEACE," by A. W. Ackerman, is a story of the times of Ahab, King of Israel. The scene is laid in the Northern part of Palestine, in a narrow stretch of country broken by many rounded hills and sharp ravines. In the early years of Israel's occupation, this region was settled by the tribe of Zebulun, and it is with one of this tribe, Micaiah, that the story deals. Its author was attracted to Micaiah by one of Canon Liddon's sermons, and the study of the prophet's life proved so stimulating that for years an impression haunted his mind that some one might make of so fascinating a character the hero of a story, and finally he resolved to do it himself. The times described here are stirring, and the human passions depicted are many and various. Micaiah's influence on his day and generation, and his development by force of the circumstances which surround him, are well brought out and teach many valuable lessons. The action in the book carries the reader along almost in spite of himself, though it cannot be said that a Biblical subject is a promising one for a modern novel. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

WE MIGHT be inclined to accuse Harold Frederic of misogyny, were we to base our judgment of him upon "Marsena" alone. The story is of a dark-eyed lady who has a *penchant* for despatching her lovers to battle for the Union. After she sends Marsena Pulford to the army, she joins the Sanitary Commission. By a chance of war she meets in the field two of the men who love her. They have been wounded. One of them, Marsena, dies before her eyes, but not until he and his rival have seen their false flame carry on a heartless flirtation with a new victim, in the presence of the countless wounded who strewed Malvern Hill one July night. In the three other "Stories of the Wartime," which make up the volume, the characters are better drawn and the situations are, on the whole, more true to life. There are touches of pathos that bring vividly before the reader the conditions in the rural communities of the North during the sorrowful days of the Rebellion. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE SCENE OF "Pharais, a Romance of the Isles," is laid in the west of Scotland. The hero has inherited the "mind-dark," and vainly struggles against the dread malady, whose approach he discerns. He dies after his wife has sorrowed herself to death over the loss of her child and the insanity of her husband. The tale is tragic, unrelieved by a single ray of brightness. The author, Fiona MacLeod, has strong powers of description, but has kept nothing in reserve; she has exhausted herself in depicting sorrow, and has left little or nothing to the imagination of her audience. The reader's enjoyment of the tale will be heightened if he has a knowledge of Gaelic. (Derby, England: Harper & Murray.)

THE NEW BOOK by the author of "The Yellow Aster" is even more trashy and pernicious than was that much-discussed story. We are here introduced to a man who is making desperate love to a young woman, without mentioning the fact that he is married. The girl has been born and bred in the country and is too unsophisticated to understand him, or to know what she is doing. His wife hears of it and goes to see the girl, determined to face it out with her. The girl flaunts the whole affair in the wife's face, boasts of it and tells her that their precious bone of contention belongs in reality to her, as he loves her, and her alone. After many pages of such stuff, the wife accepts the husband and the disagreeable facts connected with him for the remainder of a short life. She conveniently dies at the close, and leaves him to the other woman with her blessing. Anything more inane or more amateurish than this production could not be imagined. (D. Appleton & Co.) "A HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY," by Mrs. Oliphant, is a very stupid story of a father and his young daughter who live in lodgings in Bloomsbury. The girl and some of her fellow-lodgers are thrown together, and most of the complications of her life come to her from the connections she has formed in this accidental manner. There is little in the girl to hold the reader's interest or to appeal to his sympathies. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

FRANCES COURTNEY BAYLOR'S "Claudia Hyde" is a novel that deals with international social questions. The scenes are laid, for the most part, in this country, but the two chief characters, an English hero and an American heroine (an unalterable pairing that seems to have become a literary convention in novels of this kind), furnish the material necessary for a story that will interest readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The book opens with an advertisement in the London *Times* for gentlemen to go to Virginia to learn farming. To the unprejudiced reader the advertisement

would not seem to offer very fetching inducements to a man to leave his native country, but to the ruined and despairing Gerald Mildmay it appeared to offer brilliant prospects. A premium of eighty pounds, thirty dollars a month for board and unguaranteed statements had no warnings for a man, who, cheated out of his inheritance and thrown over by his lady-love, was anxious to strike out into fresh fields and pastures new. Consequently Gerald Mildmay embarks on this new venture, only to find, on arriving at his destination in Virginia, that the whole thing is a fraud. There is a farm, and there are other victims, notably a loquacious Irishman, named Flanders, and a scoundrel of an Englishman, called Hargreaves; but there is no stock on the place, and, having secured the money from his victims, the advertiser gives himself no further trouble about their education. However, while the hero does not make his fortune in farming, he finds his fate in the person of a lovely Southern girl, and his salvation in the judicious buffetings that come to him in the way of work and poverty. In Claudia Hyde and her family, Miss Baylor has drawn a charming picture of a Southern girl and a Virginian household. The open hospitality, the fine breeding, the noble poverty sustained by pride of birth and concealed with pathetic ingenuity of resource, the unselfish family devotion and the beautiful simplemindedness are qualities that will make the most unsentimental linger over this picture with tender regard and a fierce regret that the social and economic conditions of life are fast destroying the living prototypes of such pictures. Claudia and her father are types that essentially lend themselves to the delightful romanticism of a tale, which, in its happy construction and felicitous ending, makes one think of the last ten years of modern "realistic" fiction as an ugly dream. In the eighties, in which period Miss Baylor places her story, heroes did have a period of probationary poverty and humbleness of heart that served as a discipline to make them worthy of the earthly and spiritual kingdom into which they as certainly came—at least, the hero of the English-speaking novel. And while the soft tones of future riches and certain domestic bliss look strange and a little blurred to our enfeebled eyesight, it is because we are accustomed to the harsh lights and dark shadows of our modern social pictures, and need the recruiting influence of a few more such romances before we can quite believe in their verisimilitude. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"MATTHEW AUSTIN" is a young Englishman, a second son, who, in spite of the opposition of his family, resolves to study and practice medicine. Of course, his ambition is to distinguish himself in London, but a violent illness wrecks his constitution, and he is compelled to satisfy himself with practicing in a country town, where he can be in the fresh air as much as possible. In time he finds a woman he can love devotedly, but, though he has reason to believe that she returns his affection, a dark shadow is cast over his life at the same moment, and he will not even speak to her. It is another's crime, not his own, that is oppressing him, and, though he has the culprit's confession in his pocket, honor compels him to keep the secret. As he is taking a final leave of his sweetheart, his resolution breaks down and he admits his love for her, believing that he is never to see her again. It is needless to say that he does not go. The story is by W. E. Norris, and is not without merit. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) "KENSINGTON PALACE in the Days of Queen Mary II." is a story by Mrs. Marshall, upon which a very charming binding and the always excellent typography of the Macmillans are wasted. The tale is dull from start to finish, and, despite the revival of historical novel-writing among the English people, in which it finds its excuse, can claim no merit to entitle it to a reader's consideration. (Macmillan & Co.)

"A BURNE-JONES HEAD" is the title-story of a volume of sketches by Clara Sherwood Rollins. Two or three things in the book impress the reader. There is a good deal of forced epigram, which sometimes rises to broad reality, but generally sinks to sweeping smartness. The writer lacks the sense of real narrative: she says as much about the characters as they do themselves, and this is something that only a Thackeray or George Eliot may do. When a lesser writer attempts it, his human drama becomes a puppet-show. And so the characters in the half-dozen stories do not strike one as very real, although they are life-like to the degree of appearing to be drawn from life. Then, there are certain touches that would be effective, had not Maupassant done precisely the same thing in a better way. The occasional preliminary or succeeding comments made by outsiders upon a story seem to be directly imitated from so familiar a book as "The Odd Number." (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—IN "Peak and Prairie,"

by Anna Fuller, there is a great deal of intentional local color. Indeed, the background often advances into the foreground and becomes a motive for these stories, whose scene is in and about Colorado Springs. The numerous and varying species of *genus humanum* that seek Colorado offer abundant material to the opera-glass gazer at life as well as to the microscopic peeper into life's secrets. The author has an eye for both the picturesque and the psychologic, but her method is to let her observation do the interpreting. The result is an intelligible and interesting glimpse of "that pleasant Land of Promise." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG'S "The Unbidden Guest" is an Australian story of the so-called realistic order. The heroine is a music-hall singer of unsavory reputation, who, because of the peculiar crossing of chances, learns to hate her old life, and has genuine desires to be good. It is an end that she finally accomplishes, after making herself dear to some persons and repugnant to others. Her good and bad qualities are unflinchingly presented to us, and the best that one can say of the book is that it is interesting in spite of itself and reveals sympathy with humanity; moreover, it lets vulgarity in print become as distasteful as vulgarity in life. Undoubtedly, if precisely such a girl should be placed in precisely such a situation, these are precisely the good and bad things she would do. And if this is not nineteenth-century novel-writing, what is it? (Longmans, Green & Co.)—TWO MORE of Mr. Howells's farces ("The Garroters" and "A Likely Story") take their place in the rank and file of the Black and White Series. There could not be a more happy uniform for these little masterpieces of un-Balzacian human comedy. Prof. Brander Matthews's "This Picture and That," which was played at the Lyceum Theatre in 1887, has also been added to this series. (Harper & Bros.)—"BREAK O'DAY TALES" is the title of a pretty little volume containing half a dozen sketches that occupy the reader's attention pleasantly enough. When that remark has been made, it seems to be exhaustive. The author is Mr. Frank West Rollins. (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.)

ONE OF Eugène Chavette's trashiest and most highly sensational stories was "The Mystery of the Hotel Brichet," which has been translated from the French. The scene is laid in Paris in the last century, and the plot hinges on the fact that Mme. de Maupassant is desirous of procuring somewhere in Paris a child that she can palm off on the King as his own. The Duke de Vivonne secures one for her, but, after the boy is brought to her, she decides that she does not want him, so he is allowed to run away the first time he takes it into his head to do so. This boy is a twin, but he has no knowledge of his brother, and a tremendous complication of affairs ensues from the strong resemblance: that these two bear to each other. The celebrated Cartouche figures in the story, the crimes committed are such things as would make even him envious, and the mystery is at last cleared up. (Robert Bonner's Sons.)—"KATHIE'S MARGARET" is one of the most intensely stupid stories that could be imagined. It begins with the death of the man's wife and his daughter's efforts to live out their lives without her. This child is Kathie, and, after we have spent many years with her as the heroine, we find, when she is married and has a child of her own, that it is her daughter Margaret who is the most important figure in the story. We are a long time reaching this point, and when we reach it we don't care for it. (American Baptist Publication Soc.)

THYMOL MONK'S story, "An Altar of Earth," tells of two girls, who are intimate friends and are living together, so as to carry out their plans of work better than they could apart. One of these girls is in bad health, and has been told by her physician that she cannot live two years. Her soul is filled with bitterness at the thought that her mission for good in this world cannot be carried out, as she has no time left to accomplish anything. It is difficult to decide at last whether she is dead or not; if she is, the death-scene is positively comic. The book is the direct outcome of Sarah Grand's teaching, much of her nonsense being reproduced here; but this story is stupid where hers was clever. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"SIR ROBERT'S FORTUNE" is a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant. Sir Robert is an old gentleman possessed of a large fortune and a very pretty niece. The niece is in love with a young man of whom Sir Robert does not approve, so the lover persuades the girl to marry him secretly. She continues, however, to live with Sir Robert up to the time of his death. She inherits his fortune, and her husband appears on the scene promptly to claim her and the money. This last was all he had ever cared about. The story is uninteresting. (Harper & Bros.)

New Books and New Editions

THE SECOND in the series of Hoffman Library Lectures is an address, delivered last June at the commencement of St. Stephen's College, by Gen. James Grant Wilson, on "The World's Largest Libraries." The discourse is based upon the author's personal observation and research; to which two years were devoted, and in the course of which he saw some 35,000,000 volumes, and as many more missals, manuscripts, maps, engravings and pamphlets. The largest collection is that of the National Library of France, with its 2,500,000 books. It contains, among other rarities, the oldest manuscript in existence, a papyrus of sixteen pages, dating as far back as 3350 B. C. Second in size comes the British Museum Library, of more than 1,500,000 bound volumes. Then the Imperial Library of Russia, the Royal Library at Berlin, and, fifth, our own Library of Congress. In all, thirty-five libraries receive notice in this entertaining address, with brief, though quite satisfactory, description of their contents, and allusion to their characteristic features. The Stuttgart Library has the largest collection of Bibles, numbering 7,200. The largest Bible is in the Vatican, a Hebrew manuscript, weighing 320 pounds, for which \$77,300 was refused. The most valuable book in the world is at Moscow, a folio Bible, printed in Russian, bound in solid silver, and inlaid with diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. It weighs 70 pounds, and cost more than \$100,000. For a letter of Columbus to the Spanish sovereigns, consisting of four pages, the Lenox Library paid \$7,500. A list is given of some two dozen of the most precious books known to bibliophiles, with actual and estimated values. Among the whims of collectors are those of a Parisian, who has gathered 1,000 of the smallest books in the world, not one larger than 1 x 2 inches; of another, who has 2,000 volumes on Napoleon; and of a third who shows 500 editions of "Don Quixote." Gen. Wilson's lecture abounds in curious and noteworthy facts, which a good index makes easily available for reference. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

WHEN "The Kingdom of the White Woman" (the volcano Iztaccihuatl) was written (1879), Mexico was the land of yesterday; it is now the land of mañana (to-morrow). Instead of one short railroad from Vera Cruz to the Capital, it now has 11,000 kilometres of railroads; instead of organized brigandage, it now rejoices in an organized police; administration, industrial progress, scientific mining and enlightened agriculture have taken the place of anarchy and antiquity; electricity and machinery blaze and whiz where formerly oil-lamps and hand-labor were in the ascendant; and the sluggish masses of stagnant Indians and Aztecs are beginning to feel the keenest impulses from without. One is consequently at a loss to ascertain what could have induced the publication of this book, with its mass of misstatements, anachronisms in date and grammar, and ignorant denunciation. The English is bad, the facts (?) are antiquated, the names are misspelt. In the author's opinion all Mexicans are thieves and robbers; there is no good at all in this Southern Nazareth, and all that it is fit for is to be beautifully illustrated and jeered at on costly paper. It is sheer conceit to publish such a book; sheer *cacoethes scribendi*—"cackling and scribbling," as Mrs. Partington would translate. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.)

BEDEKER'S "Dominion of Canada," edited, like the "United States," by J. F. Muirhead, M.A., is a worthy addition to the well-known series of guide-books. It has the usual carefully prepared introduction of geographical, geological, historical, political and practical information, the same judicious arrangement of routes for the tourist, the same detailed and accurate description of localities, and the same full and clear maps and plans with which the name of the Leipzig publisher is familiarly associated. Newfoundland and Alaska are added, with sketches of the transatlantic voyage by thirteen different routes, the land journeys from New York, Boston and Portland to Montreal, and the sea-routes from Boston to Eastport and St. John, to Yarmouth, and to Halifax. There are ten maps, including one of the environs of New York, and ten plans of the chief cities in Canada. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American agents for the book.—"THE LITTLE EPICURE," by Linda Hull Larned, aims at enabling the housekeeper of average culinary capacity to concoct dainty and appetizing dishes at exceedingly moderate cost. It is not compiled in the usual "cookery-book" style, the author presupposing that the ordinary, every-day dishes are familiar to the modern woman. To each receipt is appended the price—the scale ranging from four cents to about three dollars. The directions given are clear and concise, and we are of opinion that the little volume will be fully appreciated by the busy housewife. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

Stevensoniana

REQUIEM

(From Robert Louis Stevenson's "Underwoods")

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

THE MEMORIAL MEETING IN NEW YORK

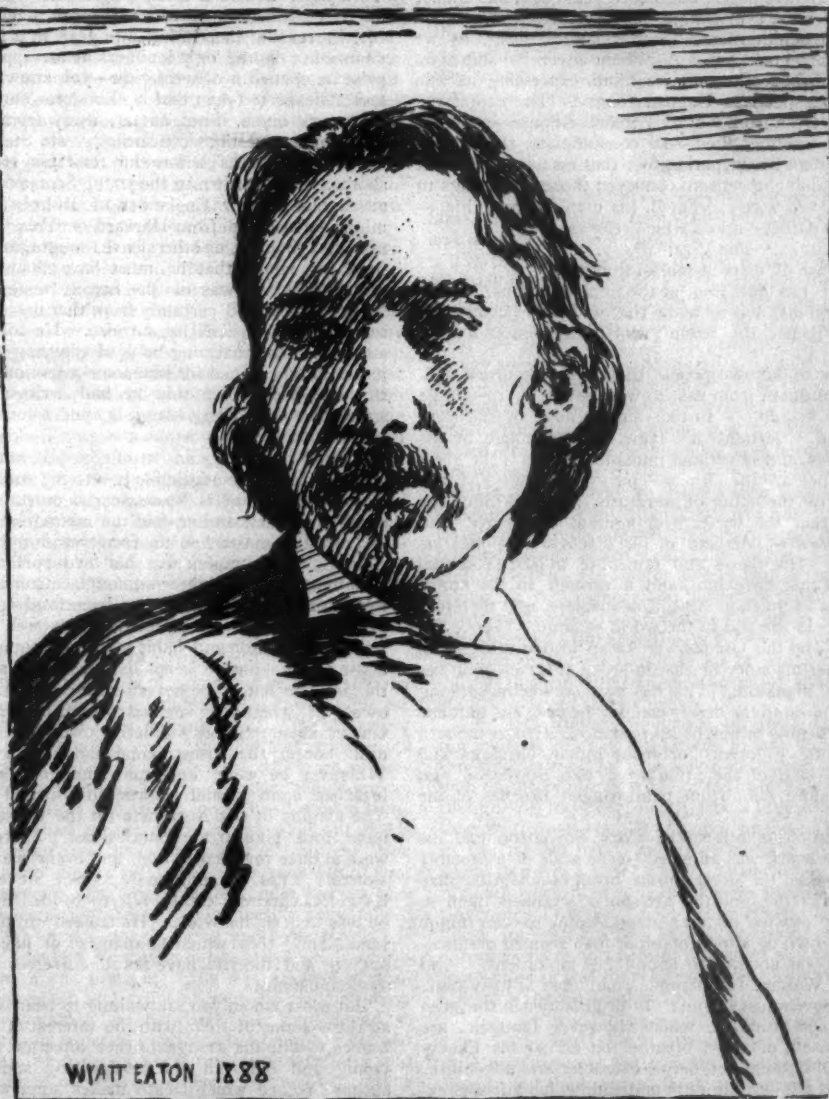
THE MEETING at Carnegie Hall, on Friday evening, January 4, in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, proved in every way successful. It was given under the auspices of the Uncut Leaves Society, of which Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln is the director, and with the approval and co-operation of eminent men-of-letters, artists, publishers and other men of light and leading. The gathering was a distinguished one; and the close heed given to every speaker demonstrated a sympathetic interest in all that concerns the romancer whose name had drawn together these hundreds of hearers.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman presided, and the list of Vice-Presidents included—to mention first the followers of Stevenson's own vocation as novelist—the names of William Dean Howells, Frank R. Stockton, George W. Cable, Rudyard Kipling, David Christie Murray, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, Edward Eggleston, H. C. Bunner (editor of *Puck*), Judge Robert Grant and Prof. Brander Matthews; R. H. Stoddard, R. W. Gilder (editor of *The Century*), William Winter, Prof. George E. Woodberry, Moncure D. Conway, Prof. William M. Sloane, the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, Hamilton W. Mabie (editor of *The Outlook*), Mayor Strong, President Low of Columbia and President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Laurence Hutton, Augustus St. Gaudens, Stanford White, Will H. Low, Prof. Francis H. Stoddard, William Allen Butler, H. O. Houghton, J. Henry Harper, Charles Scribner, Frank H. Scott, Walter Damrosch, Henry Marquand, James Grant Wilson, T. Munson Coan, John Reid, Francis H. Williams, Daniel G. Thompson, E. L. Godkin (editor of *The Evening Post*), Charles A. Dana (editor of *The Sun*), Joseph Pulitzer (proprietor of *The World*), St. Clair McKelway (editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*),

Walter H. Page (editor of *The Forum*) and Joseph B. Gilder (editor of *The Critic*). Not included in this list, but seated on the platform, were W. W. Appleton, Gen. Horace Porter (President of the Union League Club), David Munro and William H. Ride-
ing (of *The North American Review*), Col. W. C. Church (editor of *The Army and Navy Journal*), Ripley Hitchcock and J. Cleveland Cady, the architect. Several other gentlemen and one lady occupied seats on the platform.

Among the box-holders were several of the Vice-Presidents and also the following persons:—Dean Hole, C. C. Beaman, M. H. Mallory, Gilman H. Tucker, Thomas B. Connery, Walter S. Logan, S. P. Avery, Robert Bridges, S. S. McClure, Henry T. Thomas, James Thorne Harper, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Herman Melville, Mrs. D. M. Rollins, Mrs. Charles A. Clapp.

The program comprehended addresses by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. David Christie Murray, Mr. Edward Eggleston, Mr. G. W. Cable and Mr. John Ford, Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft's read-



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ing of Stevenson's poems "Ticonderoga" and "Christmas at Sea," and the singing by Mr. Leonard E. Auty of the coronach from "The Lady of the Lake," "The Macgregors' Gathering" and "The Land o' the Leal."

MR. STEDMAN'S ADDRESS

The President of the evening, who was gracefully introduced by Mr. Lincoln, spoke as follows:—

Such an assemblage—in the chief city of the western world—is impressive from the fact that we have not come together for any civic, or political, or academic purpose. I have been thinking, too, of its significance in view of considerations quite apart from the sorrowful cause of our gathering. But of these this is not the

time to speak. On its face, this demonstration is a rare avowal of the worth of literary invention. It shows a profound regard for the career of a writer who delighted us, a sense of loss instantaneously awakened by the news of his taking off. For the moment we realize how thoroughly art and song and letters have become for us an essential part of life—a common ground whereupon we join our human love and laughter and tears, and at times forego all else to strew laurel and myrtle for one who has moved us to these signs and emotions.

Yes—we are brought together by tidings, almost from the Antipodes, of the death of a beloved writer in his early prime. The work of a romancer and poet, of a man of insight and feeling, which may be said to have begun but fifteen years ago, has ended, through fortune's sternest cynicism, just as it seemed entering upon even more splendid achievement. A star surely rising, as we thought, has suddenly gone out. A radiant invention shines no more; the voice is hushed of a creative mind, expressing its fine imaginings in this our peerless English tongue. His expression was so original and fresh from Nature's treasure-house—so prodigal and various its too brief flow,—so consummate, through an inborn gift made perfect by unsparing toil, that mastery of the art by which Robert Louis Stevenson conveyed those imaginings to us—so picturesque, yet wisely ordered, his own romantic life,—and now, at last, so pathetic a loss which renews

"The Virgilian cry,

The sense of tears in mortal things,—"

that this assemblage has gathered, at the first summons, in tribute to a beautiful genius, and to avow that with the putting out of that bright intelligence the reading world experiences a more than wonted grief.

Stevenson was not of our own people, though he sojourned with us, and knew our continent from east to west as few of this large audience can know it. But a British author now, by statutory edict, is of our own. Certainly his fame is often made by the American people—yes, and sometimes unmade. There is the great amphitheatrum. They are the ultimate court of review. All the more we are here "for the honor of literature"; and so much the more it is manifest that the writer who lightens our hearts, who takes us into some new wonderland of his discovery, belongs, as I say, to the world. His name and fame are, indeed, a special glory of the country that bore him, and a vantage to his native tongue. But by just so much as his gift is absolute, and therefore universal, he belongs in the end to the world at large. Above all, it is the re-counter—and the Greeks were clear-headed in deeming him a maker, whether his story be cast in prose or verse—who becomes the darling of mankind. This has been so whether among the Grecian Isles, or around the desert camp-fires, or in the gardens of Italy; and is so when he brings us his romance, as in our modern day, from our Pacific Eldorado, or from Indian barracks and jungle, or from the land of the Stuarts, or, like Stevenson and our own Melville before him, from palm-fringed beaches of the Southern seas.

Judged by the sum of his interrupted work, Stevenson had his limitations. But the work was adjusted to the scale of a possibly long career. As it was, the good fairies brought all gifts, save that of health, to his cradle, and the art-spoiler wrapped them in a shroud. Thinking of what his art seemed leading to—for things that would be the crowning efforts of other men seemed prentice-work in his case—it was not safe to bound his limitations. And now it is as if Sir Walter, for example, had died at forty-four, with the Waverley novels just begun! In originality; in the conception of action and situation, which, however fantastic, are seemingly within reason, once we breathe the air of his Fancyland; in the union of bracing and heroic character and adventure; in all that belongs to tale-writing pure and simple, his gift was exhaustless. No other such charmer, in this wise, has appeared in his generation. We thought the stories, the fairy-tales, had all been told; but "Once upon a time" meant for him our own time, and the grave and gay magic of Prince Florizel in dingy London or sunny France. All this is but one of his provinces, however distinctive. Besides, how he buttressed his romance with apparent truth! Since Defoe, none had a better right to say:—"There was one thing I determined to do when I began this long story, and that was to tell out everything as it befell."

One or two points are made clear as we look at the shining calendar of Stevenson's productive years. It strengthens one in the faith that work of the first order cannot remain obscure. If put forth unheralded, it will be found out and will make its way. In respect of dramatic force, exuberant fancy, and ceaselessly varying imagination, on the one hand, and on the other, of a style wrought

in the purest, most virile and most direct temper of English narrative prose, there has been no latter-day writing more effective than that of Stevenson's longer fictions—"Kidnapped," with its sequel, "David Balfour,"—"The Master of Ballantrae,"—and that most poetic of absolute romances, "Prince Otto." But each of his shorter tales as well, and of his essays—charged with individuality, has a quality, an air of distinction, which, even though the thing appeared without signature, differentiated it from other people's best, set us to discovering its authorship, and made us quick to recognize that master-hand elsewhere.

Thus, I remember delighting in two fascinating stories of Paris in the time of François Villon, anonymously reprinted by a New York paper from a London magazine. They had all the quality, all the distinction, of which I speak. Shortly afterward, I met Mr. Stevenson, then in his 29th year, at a London club, where we chanced to be the only loungers in an upper room. To my surprise he opened a conversation—you know there could be nothing more unexpected than that in London—and thereby I guessed that he was as much, if not as far, away from home as I was. He asked many questions concerning "the States"; in fact, this was but a few months before he took his steerage-passage for our shores. I was drawn to the young Scotsman at once. He seemed much like a New Englander of Holmes's Brahmin caste, who might have come from Harvard or Yale. But, as he grew animated, I thought, as others have thought, and as one would suspect from his name, that he must have Scandinavian blood in his veins,—that he was of the heroic, restless, strong and tender Viking strain, and certainly from that day his works and wanderings have not belied the surmise. He told me that he was the author of that charming book of gipsying in the Cevennes, which just then had gained for him some attentions from the literary set. But if I had known that he had written those two stories of sixteenth-century Paris—as I learned afterwards when they reappeared in the "New Arabian Nights"—I would not have bidden him good-bye as to an "unfledged comrade," but would have wished, indeed, to "grapple him to my soul with hoops of steel."

Another point is made clear as crystal by his life itself. He had the instinct, and he had the courage, to make it the servant, and not the master, of the faculty within him. I say he had the courage, but so potent was his birth-spell that doubtless he could not otherwise. Nothing commonplace sufficed him. A regulation, stay-at-home life would have been fatal to his art. The ancient mandate, "Follow thy Genius," was well obeyed. Unshackled freedom of person and habit was a prerequisite; as an imaginative artist he felt—nature keeps her poets and storytellers children—to the last—he felt, if he never reasoned it out, that he must gang his own gait, whether it seemed promising, or the reverse, to kith, kin, or alien. So his wanderings were not only in the most natural, but in the wisest, consonance with his creative dreams. Wherever he went, he found something essential for his use, breathed upon it, and returned it fourfold in beauty and worth. The longing of the Norseman for the tropic, of the pine for the palm, took him to the South Seas. There, too, strange secrets were at once revealed to him, and every island became an "Isle of Voices." Yes, an additional proof of Stevenson's artistic mission lay in his careless, careful liberty of life; in that he was an artist no less than in his work. He trusted to the impulse which possessed him—that which so many of us have conscientiously disobeyed, and too late have found ourselves in reputable bondage to circumstance.

But those whom you are waiting to hear will speak more fully of all this—some of them with the interest of their personal remembrance,—with the strength of their affection for the man beloved by young and old. In the strange and sudden intimacy with an author's record which Death makes sure, we realize how notable the list of Stevenson's works produced since 1878; more than a score of books—not fiction alone, but also essays, criticism, biography, drama, even history, and, as I need not remind you, that spontaneous poetry which comes only from a true poet. None can have failed to observe that, having recreated the story of adventure, he seemed in his later fiction to interfuse a subtler purpose—the search for character, the analysis of mind and soul. Just here his summons came. Between the sunrise of one day and the sunset of the next, he exchanged the forest study for the mountain grave. There, as he had sung his own wish, he lies "under the wide and starry sky." If there was something of his own romance, so exquisitely capricious, in the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, so, also, the poetic conditions are satisfied in his death, and in the choice of his burial-place upon the top of Pala. As for the splendor of that maturity upon which we counted, now never to

be fulfilled on sea or land, I say—as once before, when the great New England romancer passed in the stillness of the night:—

What though his work unfinished lies? Half bent
The rainbow's arch fades out in upper air;
The shining cataract half-way down the height
Breaks into mist; the haunting strain, that fell
On listeners unaware,
Ends incomplete, but through the starry night
The ear still waits for what it did not tell.

MR. CARNEGIE'S TRIBUTE

It seems most fitting that the first words I have ever spoken in this hall should be a tribute to a fellow-countryman who was born, like myself, within sight of Edinburgh. This is neither the time nor the place to measure Stevenson the author, but to consider him as a man. He was one of the most lovable characters of whom we have knowledge. Everywhere he went rays of sunshine emanated from him. You may have read the other day some communications to the London *Times* which illustrate his character. I will trouble you with only one. One who calls himself a poor Scotch journalist writes:—"I was lying ill at San Francisco. Some one mentioned the fact to Stevenson as he passed through to Samoa. He searched me out, entered my little room, approached my bedside, saying: 'Well, my fellow-countryman, you are ill. We knights of the pen never gather money. I come to make you a loan,' and with that he threw down a roll of bank-notes and rushed to catch the steamer." This was no isolated case; it was only acting out the daily life of the man whose memory we honor by assembling here. Great as he was as an author, the author is dwarfed beside the man. Like Scott, he has never written a line which he could wish obliterated; he has dealt only with the pure, the ennobling, as the great masters do. He did not degrade literature; he did not grovel in the putrid filth of the modern novel and the woman with a past. I rejoice as a Scotsman that Scotland is entirely free from the writers of the modern popular fiction of this character. Farewell Stevenson! No, not farewell. To the earthly body, yes; to the spirit immortal, no. All that was precious of you remains still with us. You have lived a noble life; you have not degraded literature nor polluted its holy purpose. You have set us all an example, and we shall best honor you and elevate ourselves by emulating you.

MR. EGGLESTON'S WORDS

I was staying once at a hotel here, when the landlord told me that Robert Louis Stevenson was upstairs, sick. I wrote on my card, "Not to intrude, but to pay my respects." He sent word back, "Oh, but you must come up." We did not praise each other's books; did not burn any of that incense which we authors sometimes feel obliged to burn as a beginning of our acquaintance. And I never learned to love a man so much in so short a time. He had no fences. He had no secrecy. He gave me out of his heart. "Oh," said he, "you have been on the frontier. You sail your boat every year, don't you? You take your life in your hands. You are rugged. To write novels a man has to take his life in his hand once a year at least. He doesn't know how it feels if he does not. You can't live in a city and write novels"—meaning romances. And so he spoke, in his broad way, according to the enthusiasm of the moment. His was a sweet personality—a singularly unveiled soul. There were no hedges about him. He was a Scotsman in Scotland, an Englishman in England, an American in America, a Samoan in Samoa. He had no thought of remoulding America—of turning a new country into an old one. I can sound no note of pathos here to-night. Some lives are so brave and sweet and joyous and well-rounded that death does not leave them incomplete. Stevenson had no clap-trap in his stories, no great cause to advocate or exploit, no prurience of the sort that came into fashion with Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant. He simply told his story, with no condescension, taking the reader into his heart and his confidence.

MR. CABLE ON STEVENSON'S PURPOSE

I feel as one who stands beside the filled grave. The moment has come for laying on the fresh sod, for placing a rose here and a lily there. A passion-flower on the breast of the mound, and we are done. Though our eyes are dry, our hearts shed tender tears. He writes for us no more; we must look upon his uncompleted works as completed. It is left for me to speak the word of gratitude, joy and praise in the name of the children. He wrote to the

man in the child; to the child in the man. His main purpose was to conserve the child in the man and the man in the child. The great activities of the world are all tending, on one hand, to beat down the heroic conditions. On the other hand, stands Romance, patiently, bravely endeavoring to preserve the heroic in our hearts. In our highly refined conditions we assume that refinement is the perfection of our lives. But at times, when we get true glimpses of ourselves, we find that the real task is to keep the Ten Commandments. What we need, first of all, is courage and truth. No romance ever filled with enthusiasm the heart of a boy or girl whose hero was a liar. No romance ever made precious the hours whose hero was a coward. The purpose of the romance is to teach courage and truth without teaching them. That is the task of the storyteller, and no one has told it better than he whom we lament with a new gratitude, with a fuller sweetness for him who has inspired our boys and girls to loftier ideals, to stronger resolutions for the great battle of life. He has gone, but his spirit still lives in his works—a preacher of sweet truths, teaching us to love our God and our neighbor.

MR. MURRAY

[Mr. Murray's address included a discussion of literary art and fame, and an eloquent tribute to Dr. Holmes, Hawthorne, Irving and other American authors.]

The literary storehouse of the world is already so vast and so crowded that only the very best amongst the best of books can find a permanent place upon its shelves, and whether Stevenson's work can claim that rank is more than any man alive can say. That the problem should be generally accepted as one which awaits solution—that the question should hang at all in the balance—that he should be entered by the voice of common acclaim for that race in which only the greatest of the great have won, is tribute enough for this hour, is a triumph which he would have valued dearly could his humility have permitted him to foresee it, and we are all assured that it cannot fail to be felt as a pride and a solace by those who were lately near and dear to him. * * *

Amongst our contemporaries there was none we loved better or prized more highly, or with sounder reason. And Stevenson had one especial faculty which made him very dear to his brethren in the craft of letters. He sought always with a settled passion of painstaking the very essence and perfection of the most difficult and the most beautiful art in the world—the art of language. We know from his own printed confessions how he labored in this way; but his printed confessions would all be worth nothing to us, if they did not in themselves contain the proof and product of the constant severity of his struggles. * * *

Our lost Stevenson, above all men who have stepped over the horizon of English letters in my time, was appointed to this lovable task, and he followed it with a bright bravery which won the heart of every one of his co-workers. Some of us in the thought of his recent death feel a little ashamed—perhaps more than a little—at our own laxness, at the early decay of enthusiasm in the pursuit which was once so dear to us. Our dead friend wrote to me in a letter which I shall cherish to my dying day that my own works had sometimes been an encouragement to him, and sometimes a rebuke. God knows that I do not speak of this as a boast, for it strikes now keen as reproach, and yet with a note of encouragement and helpful warning. I suppose all men-of-letters write more or less for a special circle, as a sweetheart adorns herself for a special admirer.

"And, thinking, 'this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose."

And now my own little circle is less by one, and that one the dearest and the best and the kindest in his thoughts of me. * * *

And so our bright, quaint, beautiful Stevenson is yours for a heritage as well as ours. All the Quaker-faced fun of those "New Arabian Nights" of his, and the terror and human mystery of "Ticonderoga," and the grace and tenderness of his verse; all his honest, loyal manhood, all the sweet severity and chaste riches of his style—yours for a heritage forever if that should seem good to those who follow after us. Does it matter much to him whether his cold memorial bust shall shine in the lime-light for a night or two, or a year or two? He is gathered back to the great motherly darkness. The buoyant heart and the suffering frame are wrapped in quiet. He was lovely and pleasant in his day, he charmed us, and bewitched us, and is gone. He rests on his lonely mountain top among the far-off Southern seas, and thousands of hearts turn thither and will yet turn there for a year or two of our poor human time.

LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE AND REGRET

NEW YORK, January 1st, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. STEDMAN:—Having to be absent from the city for several days, I shall not be able to attend the gathering at Carnegie Hall on Friday evening in memory of the late Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. I regret this circumstance very much, not only because such a gathering seems to me a proper tribute to such a man, but one which every member of the literary guild should hasten to pay. He honored the profession which he adorned, and in honoring him, we honor ourselves. He was one of the first authors of our time about whose work there was no dispute, its excellence was so marked, and of so high an order. He excelled as a writer of miniature travels, as a chatty essayist, a genial critic, even as a poet, at times, but most of all as a novelist. If he had any theories as to what novels should be, he kept them to himself, and wrote novels—novels of the kind for which his genius had fitted him, and the best of which, to my apprehension, are in the historical direction in which Scott and Dumas won their chiefest distinction. No one, I think, can read his "Kidnapped" without feeling that he was a grand historical novelist. He was a master of his art, so perfect a master that in reading him we think of the art, and not the artist. We never say "how finely this is written!" but "how fine it is!" Whether his work was realistic, or romantic, I know not; I only know that, to me, all his stories are alive, and that I remember them long after I have finished them. The fight in the Round House, in "Kidnapped," is as unforgettable as any of the fierce combats in the "Iliad."

There was that in the personality of Mr. Stevenson, or in his genius, or in both, which drew the best minds to his books. He did not have to wait for fame, for fame came to him. His readers loved him, as we are told his friends did, and he had friends everywhere, in his native Scotland, in England, in the greater England of America, and, last of all, in the far off Pacific island where he ended his days, and which will henceforth have a place among

"The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

The dust of one great English novelist, Henry Fielding, moulders in Lisbon; the dust of three great English poets moulders in Italy. Shelley and Keats at Rome, and Mrs. Browning at Florence: and now the dust of another English novelist is beginning to moulder at Samoa, in that mountain grave of Robert Louis Stevenson.

R. H. STODDARD.

Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stedman received many letters, some of which are given, in whole or in part, herewith:—

In reply to your kind invitation to join in a memorial meeting in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson, I regret to say that I am obliged to be away from the city during the holidays, and shall therefore be unable to attend. At the same time it would give me great pleasure to have the opportunity to show the high regard in which I held Mr. Stevenson, and to express my feeling of gratitude for his books and honor for his memory; and if you feel at liberty to include my name in the list, notwithstanding my inability to attend, I should be obliged by your doing so—feeling that then the little I can do to bear my witness to qualities of character and art which he illustrated and which have my most sincere admiration, will have been done.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, '94.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

Any movement towards honoring the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson must have my hearty approval, and I accept the honor which you propose to me of being one of the Vice-Presidents at the intended memorial evening. The first authoritative review of his work—one which pleased him exceedingly—which appeared in this country was written for *The Century Magazine* by H. C. Bunner, and I would respectfully suggest that Mr. Bunner be asked to make some address upon this occasion, as I am sure that what he would find to say would be of value. Pardon the suggestion, which I give for what it is worth and with no desire to interfere with a possibly completed programme.

WILL H. LOW.

MY DEAR MR. STEDMAN:—I find it impossible to attend tonight, and I want you to know how sorry I am not to be with you—but you know well how truly I am with you in admiration and love for the man and his great and unique art.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1895.

R. W. GILDER.

I am in receipt of your very courteous communication of the 20th inst. and shall, of course, feel honoured if your committee sees fit to place my name on the list of Vice-Presidents for the meeting on the 4th proximo. I am hoping, however, that the suspiciously circumstantial report of Mr. Stevenson's death may turn out to be a piece of newspaper enterprise, and shall remain in that way of thinking till I hear from well-informed quarters.

NAULAHKA, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Of course, it would give me pleasure to have my name associated with any memorial of Mr. Stevenson, for besides my long appreciation of his writing (which dates from my first reading of anything of his, more than fifteen years ago), I met him in a frame of circumstances that remain separate and wonderful memories. I saw him in Samoa and remember him in Tahiti.

NEW YORK, 3 Jan., 1895.

JOHN LA FARGE.

I deeply sympathize with the purpose that you have expressed, of a memorial service, testamentary of respect to the honorable name and the splendid literary achievements of Robert Louis Stevenson. My name may be used, according to your very complimentary request, in the list of Vice-Presidents. Among so many admirable speakers, it would, I think, be fitting and graceful for me to remain silent.

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., 21 Dec., 1894. WILLIAM WINTER.

Stevenson's Death

IN A LETTER to Sidney Colvin, published in the *London Times* of Jan. 7, Lloyd Osbourne states that on the day he died Mr. Stevenson said he felt so strong and well that if the worst came to the worst in Samoa, with Germany intriguing for possession of the islands, he would go to America and try to raise public opinion by a course of lectures.

Mr. Osbourne's letter is dated Dec. 3, and says:—"When we returned from summoning the doctor it was dark, the lights were lit in the great room, and Louis was lying on a chair, breathing very laborably. He was unconscious from the beginning, and for about an hour we waited about him seeing his life ebb away. He was dressed in his sailor's jumper and trousers, and kept his high color to the last. When he passed away we lowered the great union jack we fly over the house and covered the body with the flag he loved. It is a cause of thankfulness that death came suddenly, finding him busy and happy. It was just at sunset and time for dinner, and he and my mother were preparing some little delicacy together, a salad for the evening meal. He got up a bottle of extra wine, too, for this little feast, some old Burgundy that he prized. My mother caught him as he suddenly seemed to turn faint and giddy and asked her, 'Do I look strange?' and she tried to reassure him. As she managed to get him into the great room and into the chair, he showed her where the pain was in his head, and this was his last consciousness. There he lies now, in the big room with the flag cast over him, his hands joined together across his breast, and our poor people showing the last signs of respect within their power by watching the night out where he lies."

Under date of December 5, Mr. Osbourne continues:—"My previous letter was interrupted by the arrival of several of our truest Samoan chiefs with their last presents for Louis, the fine mats that the body of a great man must be wrapped in. All night they sat around his body, in company with every one of our people, in stolid silence. It was in vain that I attempted to get them away. 'This is the Samoan way,' they said, and that ended the matter. They kissed his hand one by one as they came in. It was a most touching sight. You cannot realize what giving these mats means. They are the Samoan's fortune. It takes a woman a year to make one, and these people of ours were of the poorest. It was always his wish to be buried on the top of the mountain that bounds Vailima. He even had a window cut in his study so that he could always see the place. I was determined that his wishes should be followed out, so I sent that night to our best friends to bring in their men. Forty came with their chiefs, and several of Mataafa's chiefs came too." The letter then describes the funeral.

"THIS POEM," says *The Pall Mall Budget* of Dec. 20, "which is one of an unpublished series entrusted to us for publication by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, comes with a melancholy appropriateness. For, as all the world knows now to its sorrow, Stevenson is no more."

"Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

"Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wind.
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

"Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more."

TANTIRA

R. L. S.

Why need we mourn his loss?
His name is with the great;
Close to the Southern Cross
He sleeps in matchless state.

Softly the stars shall shower
Their dewy brilliancies;
And many a Southern flower
Shall climb his grave to kiss.

Far down the murmuring river
Shall join the murmuring surge;
The haunted winds for ever
Shall chant his mountain-dirge.

In darkness and in light,
Until the Crack of Doom,
The morning and the night
Shall watch about his tomb.

High over field and fountain,
Far in a place apart,
He sleeps on Pala Mountain:
He lives in every heart.

John Davidson, in The Illustrated London News.

R. L. S.

Wondrous as though a star with twofold light
Should fill her lamp for either hemisphere,
Piercing cold skies with scintillation clear
While glowing on the sultry Southern night,
Was miracle of him who could unite
Pine and the purple harbor of the deer
With palm-plumed islets that sequestered hear
The far-off wave their zoning coral smite.

Still roars the surf, still bounds the herd, but where
Is one to hear, and see, and tell again?
As dancers pause on an arrested air
Stand the fleet creatures of his fruitful brain
In shade and sadness, dumb as the despair
Of Britain mourning for her bard in vain.

Richard Garnett, in The Illustrated London News.

POPULARITY OF STEVENSON'S STORIES

IN REGARD to the popularity of each story of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's, issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., says *The Westminster Budget*, "it is of interest to note that 'Treasure Island' is now in its 52nd thousand, 'Kidnapped' 39th thousand, 'Catriona' 25th thousand, 'The Master of Ballantrae' 24th thousand, 'The Wrecker' 27th thousand, 'The Black Arrow' 21st thousand, and that 'Island Nights' Entertainments' and 'A Foot-Note to History' are in their second editions."

A NOTE BY ANDREW LANG

WRITING in the London *Daily News*, Mr. Andrew Lang says:—"The news of Mr. Louis Stevenson's sudden death by apoplexy is the saddest intelligence of a private nature which can be conceived. The loss, indeed, is a public sorrow. No author had established a claim so friendly on so large a circle of readers. None took us so far away from the perplexities of modern life; none was a source so unfailing of intellectual happiness to his many friends. In this country and in America Mr. Stevenson's death causes a grief, a bitter disappointment, for which there is no consolation. * * * Having no genius; though a high respect, for engineering, he qualified as an advocate, and his name might be seen on a brass-plate in Heriot-row. His health was always bad. He has told about the feverish, fanciful dreams of his childhood, succeeded by those dramatic visions from which he derived ideas and situations. It was after an injudicious supper of bread and jam that he saw Hyde change into Jekyll, and, calling for paper, he began his extraordinary romance. For his health's sake he was 'ordered south' to Mentone, in the company of his life-long friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin. At that time he was a man of twenty-two, his smooth face, the more girlish by reason of his long hair, was hectic. Clad in a wide blue cloak, he looked nothing less than English, except Scotch. He now wrote his first paper for a popular magazine, 'Ordered South,' an essay as remarkable for originality and finish of style as anything from his pen. * * * Of his dealings in Samoan politics, his kindness for 'The King over the Water'—this is not the place to speak. Probably his last great pleasure was the success of his Edinburgh Edition, in which he took a boyish and exuberant delight. He was busy with many schemes, among others a romance on the unknown, mysterious years of Prince Charles Edward, for which only a month ago manuscript materials were sent out to him. But the busy hand and brain, which weakness and the presence of death could not daunt or enfeeble, have ceased to work and write. We all owe him thanks for which words are too weak, thanks for dreams in prose and in rhyme more beautiful than realities, thanks for a triumphant example of a spirit out of weakness made strong, while to some of us the memory of his humorous and glowing conversation is a memory imperishable."

A REMINISCENCE—BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM

STEVENSON WAS STEVENSON, and there one is inclined to leave it, in despair of saying more. He was "all for *Heiterkeit*," brilliant, gay, buoyant, witty, though worn with illness, and, as his friends thought, in the shadow of death. All the world knows his portraits, and in feature and face he closely resembled the best of them, but no portrait ever gave the light and shade, the infinitely mobile expression of his face, the tall, slim figure all wires and springs. He was all action; and like a Southerner, or the Celt which he discovered in himself, he talked with his whole body. Now he would be balancing himself on the edge of the fender with his back to the fire, the next moment across the room and poised on the corner of the table, in hot chase of some brilliant fancy. A rare storyteller in all kinds, he especially delighted in ghost stories, told them with immense solemnity, and, I think, firmly believed in many of them. His flashing brown eyes, long black hair and velvet coat specially suited him to this part. He talked as he wrote, with a fine instinct for the bizarre and the curious, but as his conversation was without the elaboration of his writing, so it gained something in finesse and dash. He was a part, not only of all he had written, but of all he had read, and to listen to him was to gain some hint of his secret. Shakespeare, Meredith, Montaigne, he not only read but absorbed; the Bible he always declared to be the best of all books. The literary reminiscence was not hunted up to fill the place, but came at call, and his felicity in the use of it was as apt when he talked as when he wrote. Added to all this was a delightful gay humor, a sort of coyness and archness which reminds me of nothing so much as Miss Grant in his own "Catriona." Indeed, I seem to see more of the real Stevenson in that lady than in any male character in his books. His was just that quality of wit, that fine manner and great gentleness under a surface of polished raillery. For there was about him an extraordinary kindness and tenderness. No man was so deferential, so encouraging, so much interested in the homely affairs of another. His compliments were things to remember for a lifetime, so deftly were they conveyed and so charmingly turned. Mr. Stevenson's return from exile had been one of the things to look forward to in life, and though at times it seemed remote, all his friends had cherished the idea.—*The Westminster Budget*.



CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

*By permission of the Cassell Publishing Co.**(From a crayon drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)*

The Lounger

I AM VERY HAPPY to be counted among the friends of Messrs. Copeland & Day of Boston, for it means that I am the possessor for that reason of a most dainty edition of Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading." The little pamphlet, the title-page tells me, was "privately printed for Herbert Copeland and F. H. Day and their friends, Christmas MDCCCXCIV." Of course I know the essay well; that is why I am pleased to get it, and in so pretty a style, too, which impels me—if impulse be needed—to read it again.

FOND AS I AM OF LAMB, I must confess that I cannot share his enthusiasm for "folios"—his "midnight darlings." To me the duodecimo is the ideal size. Pickering immortalized himself, to my thinking, by devising the little books that have his name on their title-pages. I should like to have a library composed entirely of Pickering editions. The Dent editions of the classic English novelists approach my ideal as nearly as any latter-day books. I like a book that I can slip in my pocket, if I am going on a journey; or hold easily in my hand, if I am reading by my own lamp. I say lamp for sentimental reasons, for I don't think that it sounds at all cosy to write about one's "incandescent light." Electricity is a great convenience and has marked advantages over gas and oil-lamps, but it does not seem as home-like as a student's lamp or even an Argand drop-light. I know a man who has large interests in electrical companies, and whose house is illuminated by all the latest electrical appliances; but when he and his wife sit down in the evening to read, it is by the light of an oil-lamp. He says that he has not yet come around to the enjoyment of electricity as a cosy reading light. This same man will not have a telephone in his country house, though it would be a great convenience, because he thinks that it robs country life of its charm, to have too many modern conveniences. Yet I dare say the time will come when we shall have telephones as a matter of course—as we now have running water and "stationary tubs."

THERE IS ONE MODERN CONVENIENCE against which I draw the line, and that is a fireplace furnished with gas logs! I don't mind a gas-stove, to heat a bedroom long enough to dress in, or to heat a bath-room if there be no other means. That is merely a practical use of a convenient thing; but when we sit in front of a burning gas log, we are countenancing a fraud. We are deluding, or trying to delude, ourselves with a sham. You may sit in front of gas logs for a week and let them flame and flutter as they will, and never get a spark of inspiration out of them. "And why?" you ask. "Do they not burn gaily and show many-colored flames? and are not the real logs so cunningly imitated that they might deceive a wood-chopper?" "Yes," I reply, "this is true enough; but their flame is too mechanical, their logs give out no odor of the woods." The fascination of a wood-fire is that it burns by fits and starts; one flame shoots far up the chimney, the next reaches out but a few inches; and then they may all die out. That you can strike the logs with the tongs and break the flames into myriads of sparks is still another attraction. Fancy the odor if, in a fit of absent-mindedness, you struck a burning gas log hard enough to break it! I can reconcile myself to a steam radiator, because it makes no pretensions. It stands in all its gilded hideousness, and throws out heat. It does not try to make you think that it is as beautiful as burning logs. It has its own place (usually the most conspicuous in the room), but it does not usurp the throne of the moss-covered log. We all appreciate the inspiration that Mr. Warner found in the back-log. Gas logs could not have inspired him, had they burned never so brightly.

THERE IS A quality of the human mind that I have never been quite able to understand, and that is conceit. The strange part of it is that there is never any special reason why a person should be filled with it. Just those people who might be the most readily excused for being conceited have not a particle of it in their composition. The most conceited man I ever met in my life was a chiropodist. He was, also, a bootmaker. It was in the latter capacity that I met him, and while he measured me for his very ungainly boots, he told me what a great man he was. "The best doctors in New York are among my patrons," he told me one day, "they do not call me doctor, as they would call one another, they call me Master." A woman who came once a week to tend the hair of a friend of mine thought herself much better than common mortals because she washed the hair of a lady whose father had been

Minister to Spain, "and Spain, you know," said this hairdresser. "Is the proudest nation in the world," and this reflected glory caused her to hold her head high in her profession. For the past few mornings, as I walked down town, I have noticed a man baking flapjacks in a restaurant window. Conceit is written all over his face, and the air with which he tosses a flapjack up and catches it on its downward flight is worthy of study. No drum-major ever wore a more self-satisfied expression. But conceit does not always lie among the followers of humble occupations. I have known of young men and young women who have made a success in literature being so puffed up with conceit that there was no tolerating them. There is one well-known instance in New York, which is carried to such an extreme as to be a standing joke among all who know the afflicted person; and yet, clever as this author is in seeing the weaknesses of others, he is apparently blind to his own. They say that whenever anyone speaks of the greatest literary success of the year he invariably bows his acknowledgment of the compliment, though the speaker may have been referring to "Tribby" or "The Prince of India."

WHAT DO YOU SAY to Tipple for a clergyman's name? Bad, is it not? and yet an English clergyman has to stagger under it. The Rev. S. A. Tipple is the author of "Sunday Mornings at Norwood." Think how the lettering on the back of the book must look!—

Tipple
Sunday Mornings
at
Norwood

What an invitation to young men! Let us hope that they will not notice it. Strange as is this name, a clergyman of the Presbyterian church in this State has one even more singular—the Rev. Eucre Paradise. A progressive man, I'll wager.

THE SERIES CALLED "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great," by Elbert Hubbard, is most daintily printed by the Knickerbocker Press. In general get-up it resembles *The Chap-Book*, but the page, though smaller, is brighter and easier to read. The first number of this series is devoted to George Eliot. I wish that the matter of the little pamphlet were as attractive as its typography. It is too flippant—the style too journalistic for the subject. There is not enough about the haunts of the great novelist, and too much of her life taken from the encyclopedia. The idea of this little series is a good one, and the publishers have done everything to make it attractive. All it needs is fresher matter and a more dignified manner.

I WONDER WHY Prof. Boyesen classifies Julien Gordon's "Puritan Pagan" among the novels of the year in his interesting survey of the fiction of 1894 in *The Illustrated American*? Unless I am very far out in my reckoning, that story was written three years ago. Prof. Boyesen thinks that the social atmosphere of New York "has nowhere been so dexterously captured and recorded as by this charming and richly-equipped novelist." There is no doubt but that, in some of her stories, Julien Gordon does present certain aspects of New York life very cleverly, but it is the froth, not the core. Prof. Boyesen does not know why "the Homeric epithet 'rosy-fingered' perpetually occurs" to him while writing of this novelist. I do not know either, for it seems to me about the last thing that her style or matter suggests. I can better agree with him in his estimate of "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." Though "far from being a prude" and "not easily shocked," he confesses that this story makes him "uncomfortable." I fancy that it has made a great many others, and not prudes either, feel the same way.

"PURE OTTO OF ROSES" is the inscription on a good-sized sheet of cardboard in a shop-window at Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

REFERRING TO THE PARGARAPH which accompanied a portrait printed in this column on Dec. 15, L. C. B. writes to me:—"Miss Thomas, who was Dean of Bryn Mawr College when Mme. Blanc wrote about her, has become its President, the office of dean being abolished; but she still clings to the name of 'Deanery' for her domicile. I am told that she is the only woman ever elected president (of a faculty, I suppose) by a board made up entirely of men. She is also Treasurer of the Bryn Mawr School of Baltimore."

London Letter

SINCE LAST SATURDAY, and my last letter, holiday has reigned in London, unimpugned. The publisher has closed his office, the man-of-letters has hied him to his homely hearth; what news, then, is it possible to give you? There is nothing but the pantomimes, and these, in every corner of London, are blossoming into gold. As usual, Sir Augustus Harris comes in an easy first; his spectacle at Drury Lane is more spectacular than ever, and better, perhaps, for the slight, but perceptible restraint in the familiar music-hall element. Confessedly, at any rate, the pantomime is directed to the infant mind, and this year Sir Augustus seems to have determined that it should be a children's show in fact, as in theory. Opening with autumn manoeuvres in the land of cats, with tabby sentries, tortoise-shell patrols and black sergeants, the piece rolls on merrily from the outset. "Dick Whittington" is the subject, and the dream on Highgate Hill is prettily illustrated by a ballet of flowers, chiefly bluebells. There is a grand ship at sea, and a truly marvellous Lord Mayor's show, and, with plenty of fun and the Brothers Griffiths, a record run is foretold. At the Lyceum Mr. Oscar Barrett has matinees of "Santa Claus," a piece, which, despite its novel title, proves to be nothing newer than a fresh version of "The Babes in the Wood," with the Robin Hood element introduced—an inevitable combination in pantomime. At present the Lyceum show drags slightly for lack of humor, but there is plenty of pageant, and the fun may be trusted to grow. Daly's Theatre gives a version of Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel," which has proved an instant success. The dainty fancy of this pretty child-opera is something almost new to the London play-goer, and, during the next few weeks, the tiers of Daly's will be filled, by no means exclusively by the younger generation. At the Grand, Islington, where many West-End parties are wont to congregate during the Christmas season, the pantomime takes the theme of "Robinson Crusoe"; and on the first day it began at twelve o'clock at noon and ran merrily till tea-time! Altogether, the seeker after amusement must be hard to please, who does not find goodly entertainment in the Christmas fare of the managers. Meanwhile the rehearsals of "King Arthur" proceed apace. By day, while Mr. Barrett's pantomime is running, Mr. Irving's *rendez-vous* is the Grafton Gallery, just opposite his London house; in the evening, the actors meet at their own theatre. Mr. Bram Stokes is to be observed, hurrying about London in a hansom and a preoccupied frame of mind; and everywhere there is evidence of unusual interest in the forthcoming production. As yet no details of the play have transpired; but we may take it for granted that the story of Launcelot and Guinevere will dwarf the other interests of the legend. It is scarcely possible to treat it otherwise upon the stage.

So much has been said about the manuscripts which Stevenson left behind him, and there has evidently been so much error, that it is interesting to find *The Speaker* coming forward with an authoritative statement, according to which "St. Ives" was finished some while ago. He had written, also, to his friends that "The Lord Justice Clerk" was well advanced; but it is uncertain whether it was actually finished. Neither is there any authoritative information with regard to any other of the literary schemes which Stevenson was known to be maturing. We shall probably not know fully of these things until Mr. Charles Baxter, his friend and business manager, returns from the journey to Samoa upon which he had only just embarked when the first news of Stevenson's death reached England. The same number of *The Speaker*, by the way, contains an article, "In Memoriam R. L. S.," from the pen of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, which is one of the most sincere and sympathetic pieces of writing I have read for a long while. It ought to be reprinted, but "Q" is very sparing of reprints, and it will probably pass with the weekly number. Everyone who can will be well-advised to read it there for himself.

A brilliant initial success, so far as circulation goes, at least, has been scored by *The Windsor Magazine*, the first number being sold out in a couple of days, with a first edition of 100,000 copies. A second edition is to be ready to-morrow. *The Windsor* seems to aim at somewhat the same line as *The Strand*, and how popular that line is, Mr. George Newnes alone could fully tell us. Meanwhile, I hear continued whispers about *The Hour*, Mr. C. N. Williamson's new illustrated weekly, the first number of which may be expected late in January, or early in February. Mr. Williamson, the first editor of *Black and White*, has been joined on the editorial staff by Mr. J. B. Pinker, the last editor of that same paper, who has left Bouverie Street to join forces with his old associate. Mr. Pinker was chiefly instrumental in making *Black and White* a

financial success, and his connection with any paper should be a good omen.

The Independent Theatre, now satisfactorily embarked as a Limited Liability Company, will give its first performances under the new *regime* during the first week in January. The opening piece is to be "Thyrza Fleming," by Miss Dorothy Leighton, author of "As a Man Is Able," and it will be played for a week. Mr. Heinemann's play, "The First Step," about which there have been many prospective rumors, is not, after all, to see the foot-lights. It has been ruthlessly forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain; and the author has been spending the last few days in unremitting efforts at getting the censor to give a reason for his decision. All this, however, will not prevent its speedy publication; and Mr. John Lane will have it ready in about a fortnight.

Mr. J. M. Dent, always one of the most enterprising and artistic of publishers, has several promising schemes for the new year. Early in the spring, he will begin a series of essays, the first volume to be by Mr. James Ashcroft Noble. Some of the studies appeared in "The Pelican Papers," an earlier work of Mr. Noble; others are entirely new. Each of the essays will be brief, and, beside literary subjects, they will treat of music and other branches of art. Another series projected by Mr. Dent is a complete edition of Balzac, produced under the editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury. There will be some thirty volumes, and Mr. Saintsbury will write a separate introduction to each novel.

Mr. Albert D. Vandam starts, with the January number of *The North American Review*, a series of twelve papers, entitled "The Under-Currents of the Second Empire," of which the highest expectations have been formed in advance. It is said that the notes upon which the articles are founded are absolutely authentic and unique, and that the revelations with regard to Napoleon III. and his appreciation of the inefficiency of the army will be quite new, even to the French.

There is a rumor afloat that the death of Francis II. of Naples, though not a political event, is likely to give rise to some literary controversy. There has always been an idea that in "Les Rois en Exil" Daudet was aiming at Francis II., and it is certain that the author has never positively denied the supposition. Some literary gossips are inclined to think that Daudet will be more explicit now.

LONDON, 28 Dec., 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

WHO CAN SAY that the old historic places of Boston are forgotten, when 10,214 people took the trouble to sign the registration book in Faneuil Hall in the year 1894? This is the registered list, and, of course, there were many others who looked upon the ancient building without stopping to write down their names. In fact, the estimate of the Superintendent is 60,000. The visitors came from England and France, from Germany and Sweden, and even from Japan, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Cape Town and Honolulu. The Austrian representative was Joseph Hoffman, while one pilgrim, Jacob Eliahu, registered from Jerusalem, Palestine. The democratic character of the visitors is well illustrated when we see on one page the names of Gov. Greenhalge, Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott, the Hon. George F. Hoar and the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, and on another page the "Brutus" of Fitzgerald's division of the Coxey army. At the old State House—standing in the very heart of the city, a quaint picture of ancient Boston,—17,000 names were recorded during the year. But, according to the estimate of the custodian, this represents only a quarter of the actual numbers of visitors. Nearly a thousand of those who signed were foreigners. Writing of historical matters, I may say that the record of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society gives the number of deaths in the Society during the past year as thirty-eight. One member died in his ninety-second year, while the average age was seventy-five. James Anthony Froude and Ex-Gov. Gaston of Massachusetts were among the more noted associates who passed away. The Hon. William Claflin was re-elected President, and John W. Deane Librarian. Near by the Historic, Genealogical rooms stands the addition to the extension of the State House, and the inauguration of Gov. Greenhalge, on Thursday last, marked practically the dedication of the handsome chamber of the House of Representatives, the chief beauty of the building. While the outside of the Extension follows out the general idea of Bulfinch, as expressed in the beautiful front of the old State House, the inside of the Representatives' Chamber, with its wainscot of white mahogany, and its columns and walls designed in the style of the Italian Renaissance, presents an artistic

decoration of light color with an entire absence of the usual accompaniment of gold. It has been suggested that the four large panels on the walls be used to illustrate historical events. Over the large stairway is a beautiful dome, which is said to have derived its suggestion in color from a fragment of fresco by Luini. Four great names of Massachusetts, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Samuel Adams and James Otis, here occupy central places of honor, while similar panels, with the ship, the plow, the beehive, the telephone and other symbols, illustrate the different industries and interests of the Commonwealth.

It may not be out of place, in speaking of the adornment of Boston, to mention the proposed organ for the new Tremont Temple, inasmuch as the old organ, which was destroyed by fire, was one of the more noted instruments of the country. Even though its successor, designed for chorus rather than solo work, will not be regarded as remarkable in its mechanism, yet musicians will be interested to know that here is a mammoth organ so built as to be absolutely fire-proof, the only one in the city thus constructed. Oddly enough, both times that the famous old Temple was burned out, the fire originated in the organ itself. The new instrument will have none of that heavy wooden carving or hugely columned architecture so often reproduced from the pictures of cathedrals of old, but, instead, will be built entirely of plaster of paris and iron, with a little woodwork coated with fire-proof paint. Even the air ducts, usually built of wood, will be of iron. Instead of following the prevailing custom of dark colors, the new organ, to correspond with the modern interior of the new Temple, will be white, with gold trimmings.

On Saturday last President Eliot of Harvard and Mrs. Eliot sailed from New York on the *Normannia* for Alexandria and Egypt, via the Azores, Gibraltar, Algiers and Genoa. It is Mr. Eliot's intention to spend three months in a pleasure trip through Egypt. During his absence Prof. Dunbar, Dean of the faculty of arts and sciences, will preside at the Faculty meetings. — Prof. John Fiske had a narrow escape from serious injury, last Thursday, while driving from Cambridge to Woburn to deliver a lecture in the latter city. His horse ran away and he was thrown. Fortunately, however, he sustained no serious injury. — Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, brother of the Senator, lies so ill at his home in Concord that recovery is not expected.

A pleasant little story is told by the *Transcript*, illustrative of the wit of the late Dr. George E. Ellis, the historian, of whose death I recently wrote. One very hot day, going to an informal dinner with a friend, he wore a very comfortable but unfashionable thin coat and manila hat. A noted and notoriously orthodox clergyman began to banter the Unitarian divine regarding that big straw hat, whereupon Dr. Ellis replied that he would not have a word said against that article of apparel, inasmuch as it had been a good friend of his for four years. "Why," exclaimed his friend, "how could it have lasted so long?" "Because it has been Calvinized," responded Dr. Ellis. The host, misunderstanding the word, inquired with amazement how the hat could be galvanized. But Dr. Ellis, with a sly twinkle in his eye, looked straight at the orthodox minister, as he replied, "I did not say 'galvanized' I said the hat had been Calvinized—dipped in brimstone."

BOSTON, 8 Jan., 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE NEW YEAR made a graceful bow to the nine Muses before venturing to commence its reign over this tumultuous city. On its first day the Antiquarians gave a reception at the Art Institute, to introduce their loan exhibition of portraits; *The Chap-Book* offered tea and punch at five o'clock as a stimulus to literary ambition; and at eight the World's Congress Auxiliary, of happy memory, invited a houseful of people to a love-feast at the Auditorium, where its achievements were recounted and its glowing hopes unfolded. The next evening, moreover, the University held a convocation, which packed the same great hall, by way of commencing auspiciously a year of anticipated good fortune. The portrait exhibition, like the one shown in New York in November, proves the meeting-place of many schools; but naturally none of them are so richly represented—unless we except the old Dutch portraits, which are borrowed from the permanent collection of the Institute. Mr. R. Hall McCormick sends a fine Holbein and also his collection of English portraits of the last two centuries, some of which are excellent examples of that distinguished school of portraiture—of painters, who, whatever their weaknesses or affectations, could always suggest good breeding in their subjects—whose gentlemen are never coarse, and whose ladies are never

vulgar. Notable among these are certain ladies of quality by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Thomas Laurence and Romney. A beautiful example of Sir Joshua is lent by Mrs. Healy. The early Americans make quite a goodly company, considering Chicago's remoteness from the ancestral base of supplies. Gilbert Stuart is here, and Copley and Sully and Inman, and others who kept up the eighteenth-century tradition. To approach nearer our own time, there is a roomful of portraits by G. P. A. Healy, pictures ranging over nearly half a century—an exhibition by which the Antiquarians give appropriate expression to the city's regret for the loss of the aged painter, who so recently ended his career here, where it began.

In the gallery of modern portraits we have good, bad and indifferent in inextricable confusion, with a singular rarity of works by the progressive Americans of the present day. Owners of such portraits—for the city possesses more than are shown—have evidently preferred not to lend them. The result is that Vonnoh is the only one of these painters to appear with a representative exhibit. There is much grace and distinction in his portrait of a certain beautiful lady in white, but his rarer gift is shown in four studies of children, for not one of them misses the frank innocence of childhood, its flower-like lightness. One of the most charming things in the room is Rolshoven's head of a lady, shadowed against a glowing background of yellow light; and another is Miss Klumpke's out-of-door figure of a child. Lawrence Earle is well represented, and F. W. Freer. Of the foreigners, Watts shows one of the best pictures in the entire exhibition—a portrait of Joachim, lent by Mr. Hutchinson, which is as rich a harmony as any the great violinist ever played. A head of a woman by him is another sumptuous, imaginative thing. Lefebvre's *Vittoria Colonna*, lent by Mr. George Armour, is a lovely evidence of this painter's delicate power. Henner is here, and Jacquet, Vos and van Beers; there are two of Cabanel's tender, delicate women; one—brilliant, cold, inflexible as usual—of Carolus Duran's; a delightful, vivid creature by Degas; and others which give us pause. A few fine old miniatures, and modern ones less fine, are also shown; and not the least interesting part of the exhibition is the collection of fabrics, embroideries, fans and other articles which the antiquarians have already presented to the Art Institute. The ladies of this society have given generously of their time and money for the enrichment of public collections.

An echo of the great Columbian summer returned upon us at the New Year festival of the World's Congress Auxiliary, a reminder of its gay good-fellowship with many nations. Many familiar faces, native and foreign, were on the platform—the leaders of many congresses, and messages were read from the antipodes. President Bonney spoke of the reunion as an effort to maintain the World's Congress Fraternity, which was vowed to perpetuity at the close of the Fair. "Three years," he said, "had been spent in forming a world-wide organization for the purpose of bringing all the departments of human progress into harmonious relation with each other and thereby promoting the progress, prosperity, unity, peace and happiness of mankind; and we felt that we had no moral right to suffer this organization to be dissolved." It therefore continues its fraternal work, offers its paternal blessing to all societies and congresses, local or international, which may in the future share or succeed to its labors. Mrs. Henrotin, President of the women's branch of the Auxiliary, spoke eloquently of its influence upon women, especially in the development of their power of organization. Many other speakers indulged in happy memories and radiant hopes, recalling especially the sumptuous, high-hearted Parliament of Religions; and the festive feeling held the great audience until after midnight.

The Parliament of Religions has borne unexpected fruit in a recent gift to the University of Chicago. This is the endowment, by Mrs. Haskell, of a University Extension centre in Calcutta for the teaching of the Christian religion by direct comparison with other religions. A building is to be erected, President Harper, Dr. Barrows, who was Chairman of the Parliament, and the Dean of the Theological College are to be the Directors, and Oriental as well as Occidental forms of faith are to be discussed by able exponents. The announcement of this gift was made at the University Convocation, when other gifts were also recorded, notably Mr. Rockefeller's recent contribution of \$175,000 for current expenses. The address of the evening was delivered by the Hon. Seth Low, on the subject of "The University and its Relation to Questions of the Times," and this was followed by the conferring of degrees upon twenty-two students. A very large audience welcomed Mr. Low with enthusiasm and offered the University a happy New Year.

CHICAGO, 8 Jan., 1895.

H. MONROE.

The Drama

"Theatricals"

Two Comedies. By Henry James. Harper & Bros.

THESE TWO COMEDIES, "Tenants" and "Disengaged," furnish some amusing reading and abundant evidence of the author's cleverness in the invention of polite conversation and in the sketching of character, but are deficient in some of the qualities essential to successful representation upon the stage, such as action, progressive dramatic interest and plausibility of motive. He seems to be conscious of their weakness in some respects, for, in a rather apologetic preface, he explains that they were written with "extreme, perhaps with extravagant, deference" to the requirements of a particular company, and particularly of one of the principal performers. It is quite as well, perhaps, that his work failed to give satisfaction to the manager or player for whom it was intended, as the experience will tend to discourage him from writing to order—a practice which leaves no scope for either originality or imagination on the part of the playwright, and encourages favorite actors in the perpetual reproduction of their own private personalities, which is not the main object of theatrical representation.

The story of "Tenants," although much feebler in design and treatment, resembles that of "L'Aventurière." A retired and widowed diplomat, Sir Frederick Byng, entertaining scruples about permitting his son to make love to an heiress of whom he is sole guardian, promptly packs the young gentleman off to India. At this juncture a Mrs. Vibert arrives upon the scene, and it appears speedily that in former days she was the mistress of Sir Frederick, and that the latter is the father of her son. Young Vibert, of course, makes suit to the heiress, and Sir Frederick, who still has a soft spot in his heart for the mother, earnestly supports his pretensions, quite forgetting the scruples which impelled him to banish his legitimate heir. The young lady, however, is faithful to her first lover and summons him, by means of the telegraph, to her relief. He reaches home just in time to hear the announcement of his father's determination to marry Mrs. Vibert, which provides an effective situation. From this point, however, the interest declines rapidly, or, rather, fades out altogether. To prevent the half-brothers from coming to blows, Mrs. Vibert confesses their relationship and abandons her aspirations, which are the sole foundation of the comedy. Thereupon the entire structure collapses. The end of all is a scene of general reconciliation, but the ultimate fate of Mrs. Vibert and her son is left uncertain, while a blackmailing captain, who has been her evil genius and tyrant for many years, walks off scot-free. To the last the real character of Mrs. Vibert remains in doubt, and the reader is at perfect liberty to regard her either as vicious or as simply unfortunate. Even the villainy of the captain is more a matter of suggestion than fact, while the inconsistency and vacillation of Sir Frederick deprive his character of all sympathy. The trouble is that Mr. James has fallen into the common error of trying to create dramatic effects by the use of the novelist's method, and the result is an impression of general vagueness and incompleteness. His personages talk exceedingly well, and naturally, too, but they do not reveal themselves in action and have not time enough to explain themselves in speech. No manager with "L'Aventurière" fresh in memory, or even the dilution of it offered in "Home," would be likely to try his chances with "Tenants."

The second of these plays, "Disengaged," is really a farcical comedy, although far better in literary quality than the ordinary run of pieces classed under that title. It tells a story of comic intrigue that would not bear the test of critical examination, but possibly might be made to appear fairly reasonable behind the footlights by clever acting. There are eight personages of almost equal prominence, and for the most part of very familiar types. The interest centres upon the efforts of a gay young diplomat to secure a bashful captain for the daughter of a manœuvring mamma, with the view of furthering his own pursuit of a married woman, and the manner in which his designs are defeated by a clever widow, who rescues the captain by marrying him herself and punishes the diplomat by forcing him to wed the girl whom he had tried to palm off upon his friend. The whole thing is extremely unreal, notwithstanding its affectation of reality. All the conversations, in spite of the polish being a little too obvious and excessive, have the tone of every-day fashionable life, but the incidents apparently are devised without reference to anything but the necessities of theatrical situation. Neither piece would be likely to add much to Mr. James's reputation as a dramatist, if put upon the stage, but both may be read with pleasure; moreover, they contain the promise of something better in the future.

Music

"The Scarlet Letter"

MR. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP and Mr. Walter Damrosch have made an opera out of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." They should have known better. Extracts from their work were performed in concert form by the Symphony Society on Jan. 4 and 5. They interested a large audience, but failed to carry the conviction that a lasting art-work had been produced. The story of Hawthorne's novel is not well suited to stage treatment. It is too much in one key. It begins with the tragic guilt accomplished, and all that can possibly follow is the suffering that results from the guilt. The emotional content of the work is confined to three persons, Hester, Dimmesdale and Chillingworth. This is good; but the emotional schedule is altogether too simple. There are practically only three emotions for the music to voice—love, remorse and hate. There is not sufficient emotional material for three acts. The opera is like a symphony in three movements, all marked *adagio lamentoso*. The mind of the hearer refuses to feed upon this banquet of misery. There are only two or three points of high light in the entire work, and these are not part of the dramatic movement; the rest is gloom. Mr. Lathrop's carefully made condensation of the events of the novel serves only to heighten the effect of this sombreness. The three acts are well constructed and the salient emotions are brought to the front with a good hand. Praise, however, cannot be awarded to Mr. Lathrop's versification, which is rough and uneven. It was made so intentionally, in deference to a theory of Mr. Lathrop's, that the ordinary rhythms and metres of verse are not suitable for musical treatment. This theory has the solitary merit of originality. It is certainly mistaken.

Mr. Damrosch's music was in many respects surprising. He had, before undertaking this opera, written a few unimportant songs. It was, therefore, surprising to note his firm and assured employment of the complex materials of an operatic score. His management of the choral masses alone is sufficient to establish his musical scholarship. His orchestration, too, while plainly the result of a close study of Wagner, is admirable in its variety, its balance, its sonority and its solidity. The composer has followed the Wagnerian pattern. His score consists of vocal *arioso* and recitative superimposed upon endless orchestral melody made of typical phrases. In following out this plan the composer has shown skill, but he would have been wiser had he given the voices more melody and less declamation. Two numbers in the work demonstrate Mr. Damrosch's ability to write invitingly. These are the piquant, pretty madrigal and the lovely solo of Hester in Act. II. On the whole, the work gives evidence of the possession of talent hitherto unsuspected. It is a very promising first work, and we shall be disappointed if the musical public does not hear from Mr. Damrosch again. The solo parts were sung by Mme. Nordica, Signor Campanari, W. H. Rieger, Ericson Bushnell and Conrad Behrens. The Oratorio Society supplied the choruses and the Symphony Society the orchestral part of the work. Mr. Damrosch conducted.

The Fine Arts

"Lorenzo Lotto"

By Bernhard Berenson. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. BERENSON'S work on Lotto is an example of the sort of art-criticism which is needed to lay a foundation for more popular writing. Its direct appeal is to special students only, and even they, to benefit fully by it, must have almost as many opportunities as the author, of inspecting the pictures to which he refers. He gives, indeed, a list of photographs which the reader may buy and study, and illustrates his book with numerous and fairly satisfactory photographs, but these, while an inestimable aid, cannot for obvious reasons take the place of a first-hand acquaintance with the originals. The general reader will, therefore, be interested only in Mr. Berenson's conclusions; and the mass of detailed critical description which forms the body of the book can be of value to those students only, who are as happily situated as the author himself. It is well, however, that the public should know something of the kind of work performed, and the peculiar learning acquired, by the real expert. As a rule the man who assumes to judge of old masters' relics, and expects the public to rely on his miraculous *fleur* (a sort of unerring instinct), in virtue of which he picks out "gems" from among rubbish, believes that he can tell a pastel by Latour from one by Champney blindfold. If he is a very sensitive person with an uncommon appreciation of, and acquaint-

ance with, art (which he usually is not), he may make, perhaps, more hits than misses, particularly in judging of modern paintings in which individuality is, so to speak, rampant. But such a thing as close and systematic study is possible, and should be required of those who pretend to expert knowledge.

In his introduction, Mr. Berenson explains in what it consists. His special problem is how to place Lotto among the other Venetian painters of the Renaissance, and to discover, if possible, who taught and influenced him, in order to disengage what is most individual and original in his work. The painter selects, or has selected for him, certain types of figure or of scenery; he has to reproduce them by certain means for certain ends, and he learns to recompose the visual image that remains in his memory to fit it for such reproduction. Much of all this he still acquires from a master; but during the Renaissance he acquired much more. Still, he generally came to invent modes of seeing and of executing of his own, particularly in such matters as personally interested him very keenly. It is in those parts of his work, which are done by knack of hand, that we are most likely to discover the influence of others. Hence peculiarities of brush-work, the treatment of conventional backgrounds, and, in the works with which our author is specially concerned, the construction of comparatively unimportant details, such as the ears and the hands, that the painter's relations to others are most manifest. And, *per contra*, it is in the most expressive features, in the eyes and mouth, for example, that he is likely to be most himself. Hence the expert should not only study the general effect of an artist's work, but should deliberately compare it with that of others of his time, his teachers, associates, pupils, copyists, detail by detail, in order to have a thorough understanding of it.

In this way Mr. Berenson has arrived at the conviction that Lotto's teacher was not Giovanni Bellini, as is usually stated, but Alvise Vivarini, a comparatively little-known painter. Contrasted with his contemporaries Titian, Giorgione and Palma, Lotto cared less for the type and more for the individual. It is to be remarked, however, though Mr. Berenson does not notice it, that (judging from photographs), where Lotto departs from the Italian type, he approaches the Germanic. It is likely enough that Lotto was in sympathy with the Reformers, though it is difficult to see how anything so abstract as a leaning to this or that creed can be expressed in a painter's manner. The most personal element in his work is his interest in passing states of consciousness; but in this he has been surpassed by many weaker men. His critic's final statement is that "his (Lotto's) spirit is more like our own than is, perhaps, that of any other Italian painter, and it has all the appeal and fascination of a kindred soul in another age."

Art Notes

THAT STUPENDOUS undertaking, "The Art of the World," illustrated in the paintings, statuary and architecture of the World's Columbian Exhibition, edited by Ripley Hitchcock and published by D. Appleton & Co., is just completed. The work is in thirty folio parts, sold by subscription only. Each part contains at least two reproductions in color, two photogravures and several engravings of the most striking works of art at the Chicago exhibition. The letter-press has been written by Prof. Halsey C. Ives, Director of the Department of Fine Arts, D. H. Burnham, Director of Works ("the man who built the Exposition") Major Moses P. Handy, Chief of the Bureau of Information, Mrs. Potter Palmer of the Woman's Department, M. Roger-Ballu, French Commissioner of Fine Arts; M. Yriarte, the French critic, editor of *Figaro Illustré*; and Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, the editor. It would be hard to imagine a more interesting or valuable souvenir of the great exhibition.

—G. F. Watt's painting, "Love and Life," which, it will be remembered, raised quite a storm in a tea-pot when it was proposed to hang it in the White House, has been turned over to the Corcoran Art Gallery by order of President Cleveland.

—The frontispiece of the January *Magazine of Art* is an etching, by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, of Sir J. E. Millais's "Autumn Leaves." The series of articles on "Private Picture Collections in Glasgow and West of Scotland" is continued with an article on Mr. A. J. Kirkpatrick's collection, by Robert Walker; C. Wilhelm concludes his article on "Art in the Theatre"; Thomas Hope MacLachlan is the subject of a sketch by Selwyn Image, with a portrait of the painter and reproductions of six of his pictures; Victor Champiez contributes the second part of "English 'Arts and Crafts' from a Frenchman's Point of View"; and Claude Phillips studies the "Sculpture of the Year." M. H. Spielmann

has a short article on "Munich as an Art Centre," and a poem by Sir Thomas Wyatt, "Forget Not Yet," has been set in a full-page illustration by Paul Hardy. Among the illustrations may be mentioned M. Dormoy's engraving of Paul Grolleron's "Sergeant Tanviray," a "Study for 'Coriolanus,'" by Sir J. D. Linton, F.R.I., and Mme. Jacob-Bazin's engraving of Alexis Harlamoff's "Gipsy Girl."

—Twenty paintings by George Inness, owned by R. H. Halsted, were sold this week at the American Art Galleries for \$31,350.

—The Architectural League has awarded the prizes it offered for the best drawings for the decoration of its rooms at 215 West Fifty-seventh Street. Only three plans were sent in, that of John Gaden Howard winning the first prize (\$100); the second prize (\$50) was awarded to Edward Hamilton Bell. It was resolved, however, not to use any of the drawings.

Notes

A MOST IMPORTANT work, in three volumes, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is "A Literary History of the English People, from the Earliest Time to the Present Day," the *magnum opus* of J. J. Jusserand, whose "English Wayfaring Life" and "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare" were merely the outcome of his preparations for this book. The first volume, "From the Origins to the Renaissance," will be ready during the present month. This firm announces, also, "The Story of Vedic India," by Mme. Z. A. Ragozin, who has recently been made a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, an unusual honor, not only for a woman, but for anybody.

—Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler, who arrived from Europe on Wednesday, is said to have in hand an unfinished novel.

—A revised edition of Richard Le Gallienne's "Book-Bills of Narcissus," with an additional chapter, is in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, who have also nearly ready for publication a novel by Justin Huntly McCarthy, called "A Woman of Impulse," and a new story by Dr. Ottolengui, author of "An Artist in Crime," called "The Crime of the Century." Dr. Ottolengui has just signed a contract to write ten stories for *The Idler*, whose editor, Robert Barr, thinks him unsurpassed by any modern writer of detective stories. This series will be founded upon some of the author's experiences while exploring the slums of New York in company with Jacob Riis.

—Macmillan & Co. will issue at once Walter Pater's "Greek Studies," arranged for publication by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, and "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin. They have in preparation the "Life and Letters of R. W. Church," late Dean of St. Paul's.

—The Scribners announce for immediate publication George Augustus Sala's long-expected reminiscences; a new edition of the late Prof. Austin Phelps's "English Style in Public Discourse," condensed, revised and supplemented by Prof. H. A. Frink of Amherst; and "Philosophy of the Mind," by Prof. George T. Ladd.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce the first of a series of "Contemporary Writers," edited by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll—a volume, by Miss Annie McDonnell, on "Thomas Hardy." It contains a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Hardy, and a map of Wessex.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a new book by the Rev. George H. Hepworth, called "Brown Studies; or, Camp-Fires and Morals."

—We are glad to welcome the first number of the new series of *Science*. The editorial committee given on the title-page includes names representative of the best scientific work, and the contents show that America can provide a journal attaining scientific excellence and good literary form. This might, indeed, have been expected, as America is demonstrating great scientific fecundity in all departments, and in some sciences is distinctly in the van. The present number includes introductions by Prof. Newcomb and President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, addresses by Dr. D. G. Brinton as President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and Dr. G. Brown Goode as President of the Philosophical Society of Washington, and articles by President Mendenhall, Major Powell, Dr. Merriam and Prof. Scudder, the first editor of *Science*. The reviews, by Professors Woodward, Packard, Conn, Brinton and Britton, and the notes, show that the journal will adequately record the progress of science, and be indispensable to those wishing to keep abreast of it.

—Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" has achieved the distinction of being chosen as one of the comparatively few books published for the blind. An edition in raised letters will soon be issued by the American Printing House for the Blind, with the cordial permission of the author and his publishers.

—J. W. Bouton is the American agent for the Florentine Edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron," translated into English prose and verse by John Payne. The work will be in 3 volumes, limited to 304 copies printed from type, and the type distributed. The large Japan vellum paper edition will be limited to 66 numbered copies; the remaining copies will be printed on Van Gelder's Holland paper. Mr. Payne is the translator of the Villon Society's edition of "The Arabian Nights" and also of Villon's Poems.

—Bangs & Co. will sell on Jan. 21-22 the library of Mr. Henry B. Hammond, which includes standard and miscellaneous books in fine bindings and good condition. Among the tid-bits of the collection is a copy of the "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," by Robert Burns, to which are added, Scots Poems, selected from the Works of Robert Ferguson, printed by J. and A. McLean, Franklin's Head, No. 41 Hanover Square, M.DCC.LXXXVIII.: small 8vo, pp. 306: portrait, engraved by 'Scot Philada.,' after the painting by Nasmyth. The book is bound in crushed green levant morocco, with gilt thistles on the sides, gilt dentelle inside borders, gilt over original rough edges. This first New York edition is very rare. Mr. J. W. Bouton has Mr. Hammond's unique Railroad Library, which is offered at private sale.

—Georg Ebers has laid the scene of his forthcoming romance in Nuremberg. The title in the original is "Im Schmiedefeuer, ein Roman aus dem Alten Nuernberg." The period is the reign of Rudolph of Hapsburg. The translation will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

—Gen. Lew Wallace will lecture at Calvary Baptist Church on the evening of Jan. 17, on "How I Came to Write 'Ben Hur.'"

—Cornelius, William K., Frederick W. and George W. Vanderbilt have added to their many gifts to Columbia College \$350,000 for an addition to the Vanderbilt clinic, while Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane have donated \$200,000 for the enlargement of the Sloane Maternity Hospital, Mrs. Sloane promising, moreover, to maintain the new wing as she does the present hospital. Mrs. Sloane, it may be added, was a Miss Vanderbilt. The gifts of the Vanderbilt family to Columbia College date from 1884, when the late William H. Vanderbilt gave \$500,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The total amount given by the family since then is \$2,000,000. It is thought that the new gifts will make the College of Physicians and Surgeons the best-equipped medical institution in the world.

—Columbia College has offered to the Trustees of what remains of the Tilden Library Fund, land for a building on its new college site, and, in addition, its library of 200,000 volumes, to be united with the Tilden collection, the whole to be known as the Tilden Library. Time flies, and the plans of the testator seem to be no nearer realization than they were when he drew his defective will. The new plan would seem to be at least a first step in the right direction.

—The next volume of the Keynote Series, published by Roberts Bros., will be "The Great God Pan and the Inmost Light," by Arthur Machen.

—Mr. E. D. North, 153 Fifth Avenue, has been appointed Hon. Secretary for America of the Bibliographical Society of London, which, though founded only two years ago, has now 288 members. The limit of membership is 300. The object of the Society is to print for the use of its members works connected with bibliography, and for the general promotion and encouragement of bibliographical studies.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway has just finished his work on the third and last volume of "The Writings of Thomas Paine," and will sail for England early next month to prepare for his usual lecture season in London.

—We learn from the January *Book-Buyer*, which is a particularly interesting number, that our valued contributor, Mr. Israel Zangwill, probably will come to this country next season on a lecture-tour. If he talks as well as he writes, his lectures will be as well worth hearing as his papers in *The Critic* are worth reading. Mr. Zangwill is only thirty years of age, and had an enviable reputation five years ago. In this same number of *The Book-Buyer* is an interesting sketch of Henry Kingsley (whose novels are being

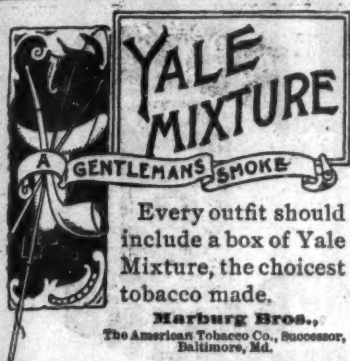
republished by the Scribners) from the pen of Laurence Hutton, and a few pages of reminiscences of the novelist by his nephew, Maurice Kingsley, the son of Charles Kingsley, who lives at New Rochelle.

—The Gestefeld Pub. Co. writes that "Truth, a Novel," by Villeneuve (reviewed in *The Critic* of Dec. 29) "never was published by us, nor do we care to have our name associated with it as publishers. The book was published by the author and we have simply handled it as any dealer does books which are not published by him." The book was published by the author, the Gestefeld Pub. Co. acting for some time as her agents in its distribution and sale.

—A cablegram from London reports the failure of Henry James's new play, "Guy Domville," which was given at the St. James's Theatre on Jan. 5. "Although splendidly mounted, and well acted," says the *Tribune*, "it was a stupendous failure. Like the author's novels, it is an analytic study of character. Perhaps in the form of a novel it might succeed, but as a play it is weak and devoid of technique. George Alexander and Marion Terry had the chief parts. The period is 1780. The first act pleased the audience; the second was distinctly inferior, and dragged; the third was hopeless. The curtain after the third act was followed by hisses and jeers. In response to calls, Mr. Alexander led Mr. James to the footlights. They were received with tumultuous hooting, groaning and hissing, which quite drowned the slight applause. They faced the din for two or three minutes—Mr. James gazing with scornful coolness at the turbulent throng, and Mr. Alexander shifting nervously from position to position. Later, Mr. Alexander alone answered demands for a speech by telling how pained he was to experience such a rebuff, after the many kind receptions that had been given him. The company had worked very hard to do justice to the play, he said. 'Taint your fault, guv'nor,' came from the gallery, 'it's the rotten play.' More howls followed this, and Mr. Alexander disappeared in confusion. His remarks are regarded as ill-advised, for they tended clearly to throw the whole blame for the failure on Mr. James's shoulders." This is not Mr. James's first attempt at playwriting, nor his first failure.

Publications Received

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| Akerman, W. Cross of Sorrow. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Annals of a Quiet Valley. Ed. by J. Watson. \$2. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Annual Report of the Dante Society. May 15, 1894. | Ginn & Co. |
| Barr, A. E. Flower of Gala Water. | Robert Bonner's Sons. |
| Bevan, W. L. Sir William Petty. 75c. | American Economic Ass'n. |
| Bhikshu, S. Buddhist Catechism. \$1. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Billings, F. S. How Shall the Rich Escape? | Arena Pub. Co. |
| Hookworm, The. \$3. | A. C. Armstrong & Son. |
| Choice Reading. | Ginn & Co. |
| Church, Dean, Life and Letters of. Ed. by Mary Church. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Cott, S. Message of Man. \$1.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XLI. \$3.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Ferguson, H. Essays in American History. | James Pott & Co. |
| Foster-Melliar, A. Book of the Rose. \$2.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Horton, R. P. Cartoons of St. Mark. \$1.50. | Fleming H. Revell Co. |
| Hugo, V. Ruy Blas. Ed. by S. Garner. 75c. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Ibsen, H. Little Eyolf. Tr. by W. Archer. | Stone & Kimball. |
| Jebb, Mrs. Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb. \$1.25. | Roberts Bros. |
| Jordan, D. S. Organic Evolution. \$1.50. | Ginn & Co. |
| Logan, M. Guide to the Italian Pictures at Hampton Court. 2d. | London: A. D. Innes & Co. |
| Lowe, C. Alexander III. of Russia. \$1.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Medley, D. J. Manual of English Constitutional History. \$3.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Mills, B. F. God's World, and Other Sermons. \$1.25. | Fleming H. Revell Co. |
| Modern Art. Autumn Number, 1894. | Indianapolis, Ind.: J. M. Bowles. |
| New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Ed. by J. A. H. Murray. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Vol. III. 60c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Nicoll, W. R. Ten-Minute Sermons. \$1.50. | Fleming H. Revell Co. |
| Our Animal Friends. Vol. XXI. 1894. | Am. Soc'y for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. |
| Paton, M. W. Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides. Ed. by J. Paton. \$1.75. | A. C. Armstrong & Son. |
| Pinero, A. W. Second Mrs. Tanqueray. 50c. | W. H. Baker & Co. |
| Portfolio, The. No. 13, Jan., 1895. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Pritchard, M. F. Parliamentary Usage for Women's Clubs. 30c. | Cincinnati, O.: Robert Clarke Co. |
| Psychological Review. Vol. II. No. 1. Jan., 1895. 75c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Rights and Pretensions of the Roman See. 50c. | E. & J. B. Young & Co. |
| Robertson, M. A. Tale of a Halo. New York: Truth Seeker Co. | |
| Robinson, C. N., and Leyland, J. For the Honor of the Flag. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| School Libraries. | Ginn & Co. |
| Scott, W. The Betrothed. The Talisman. | Estes & Lauriat. |
| Scott, W. Redgauntlet. 3 vols. | Estes & Lauriat. |
| Shaw, A. Municipal Government in Great Britain. \$2. | Century Co. |
| Spencer's Faerie Queene. Book I. Cantos V.—VIII. Ed. by T. J. Wise. \$3. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Stylus, The. Jan. 1, 1895. | Detroit, Mich. |
| Swan, A. S. Airlie's Mission. 50c. | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Tolman, W. H. History of Higher Education in Rhode Island. No. 18. | Washington: Government Printing Office. |
| Tyler, W. S. History of Amherst College. 1891-92. \$1.50. | New York: F. H. Hitchcock. |
| Williams, H. Britain's Naval Power. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |



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